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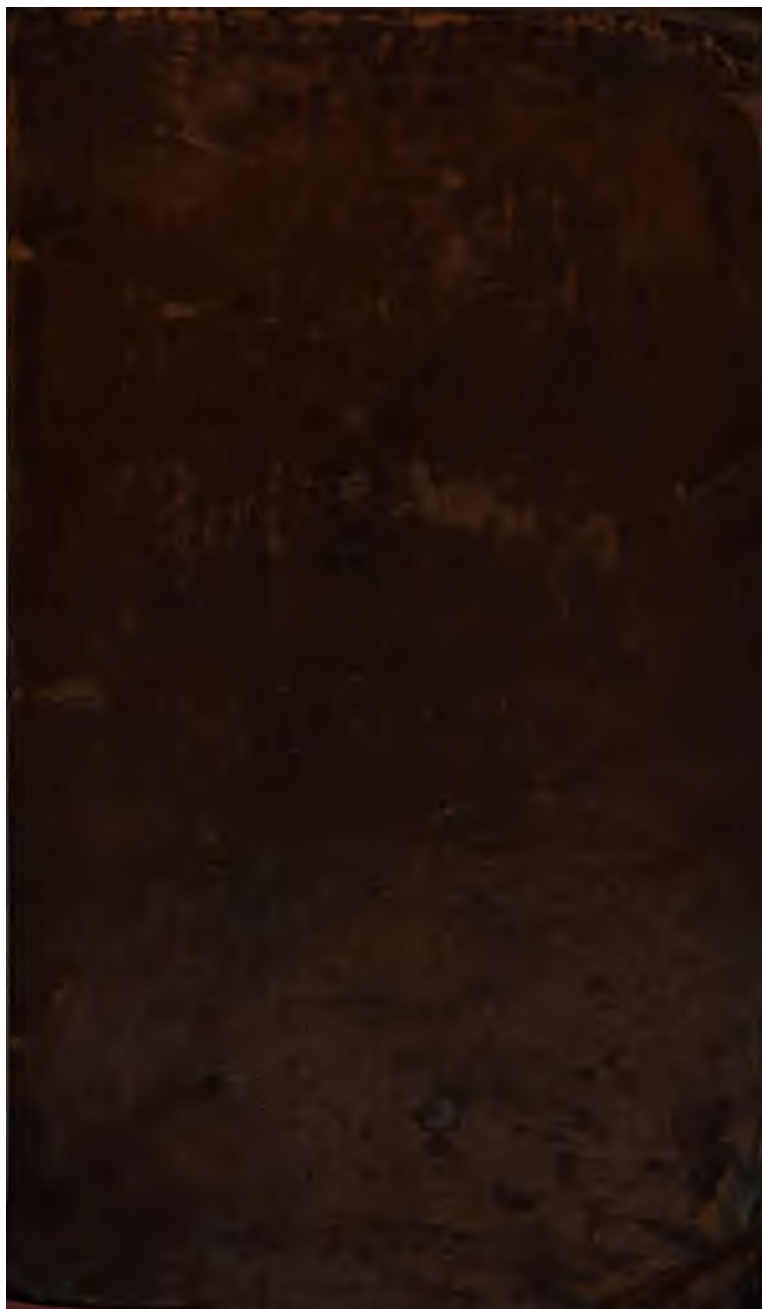
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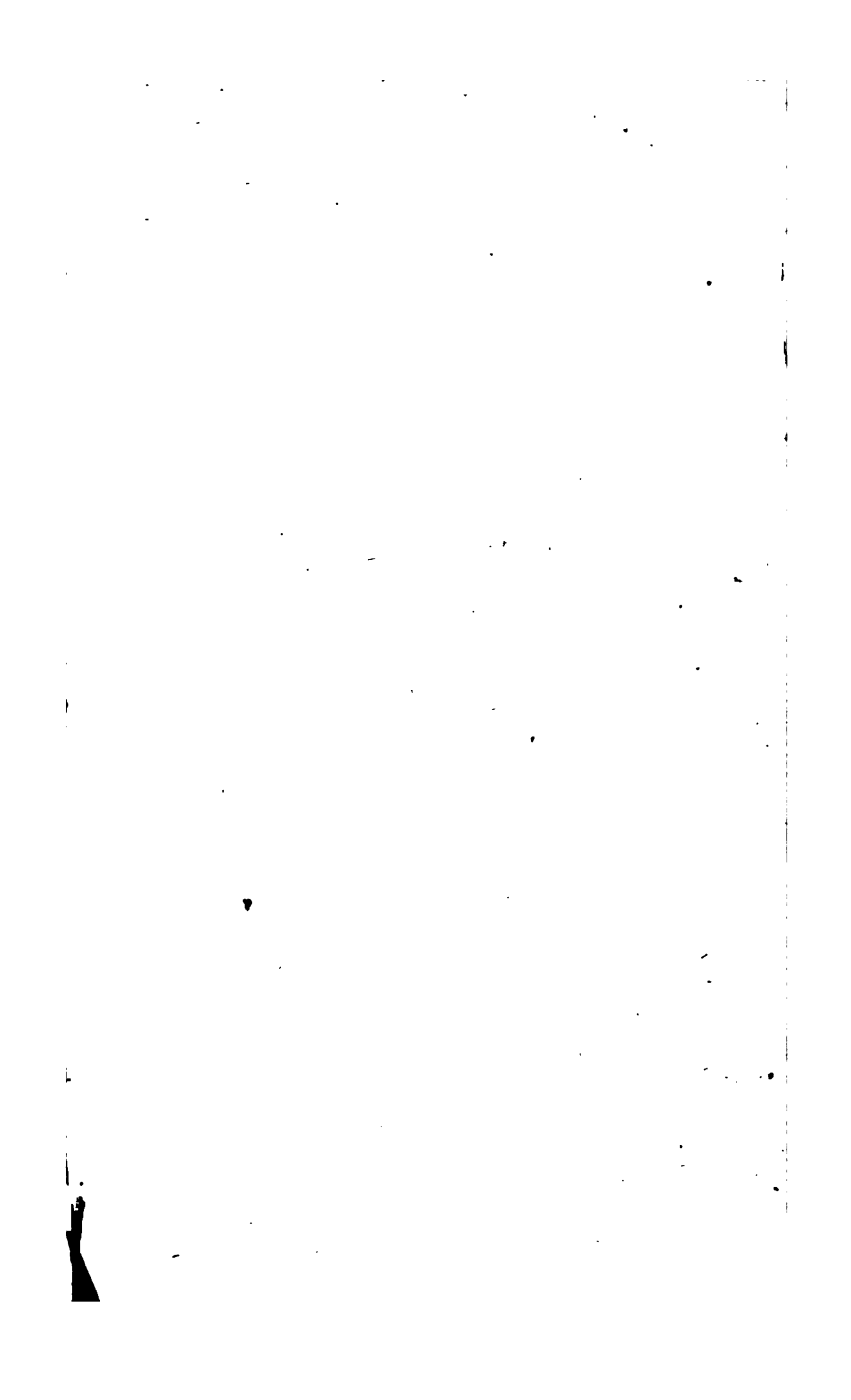
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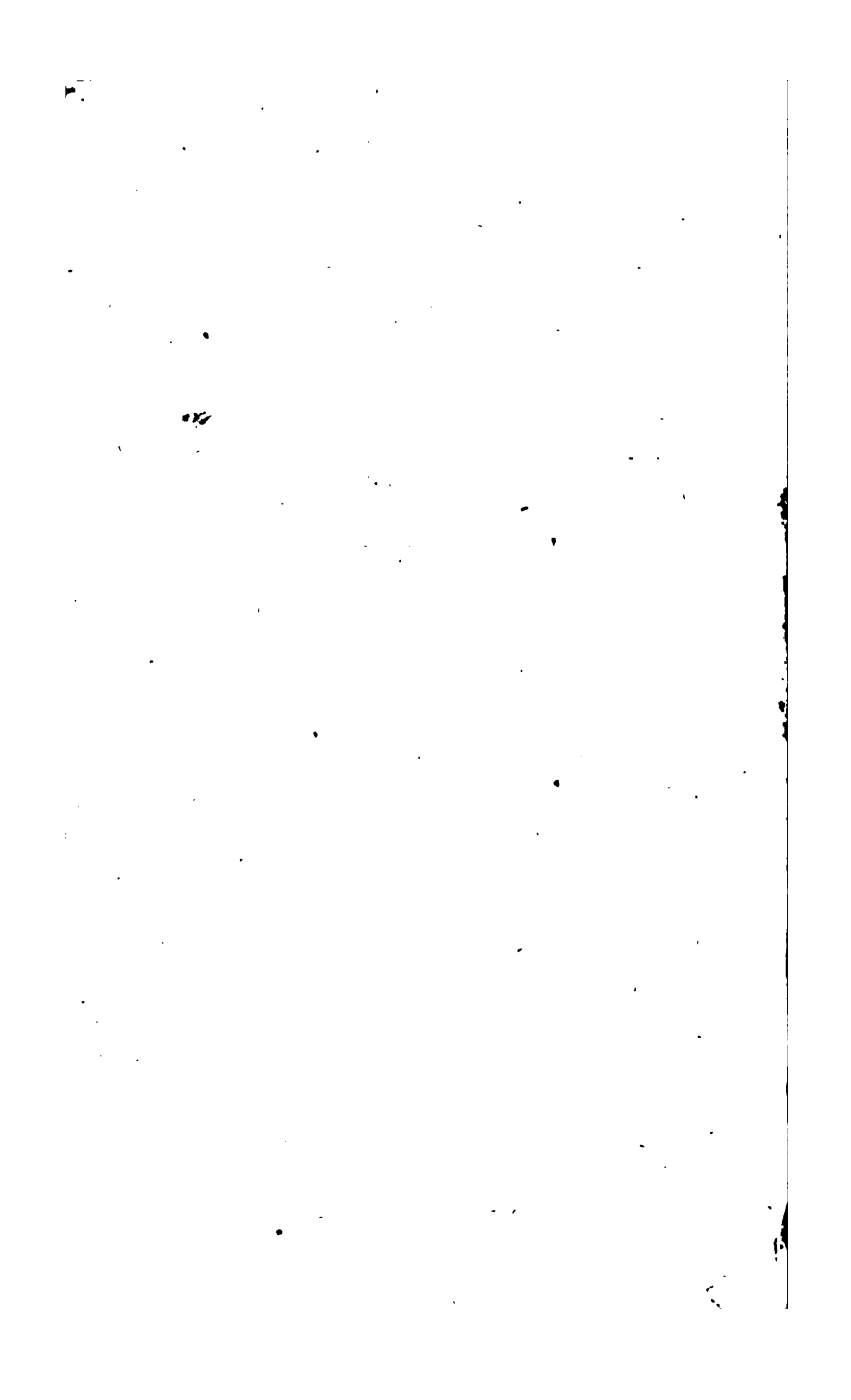
James Armstrong & George
Billson.

March 30.

1806







HYMNS

A N D

Spiritual Songs,

Mostly collected from

Various AUTHORS;

W I T H

A few that have not been published before.

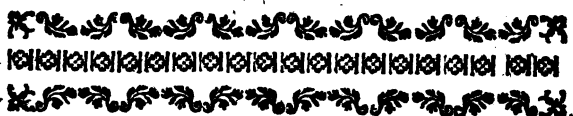
Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Psal. xlvii 7.

H A L I F A X:

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P R E F A C E.

AS it will probably be expected, that the compilers and publishers of the following Hymns, should conform to the modern custom, in giving the reader an account of the work, it is hoped, that a few hints respecting the subject matter of them, the design kept in view in compiling them, and the method observed, in order to accomplish that design, may not be wholly unacceptable.

1. As to the subject matter of them; they contain, according to our judgment, the chief branches of doctrinal, practical, and experimental religion; and may, we think, be vindicated and illustrated by those text on which we humbly apprehend the following truths are founded. Viz. God made man in a state of perfect purity, free from all defilement, in every power, faculty, and passion of his soul. Eccle. vii. 29. All men are fallen from this state of purity, and every man comes into the world, polluted and defiled in the powers of his mind; and all

men are alienated from, and grow up, while in this their natural state, averſe to, the life and power of true godlineſs, as enjoined in the divine law, which is explained by our bleſſed Lord, Mat. xxii. 37, 38, 39. Thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy ſoul, and with all thy mind, &c. See Pſal. li. 5. and many other places. From this corrupt diſpoſition of mind, proceed evils of various kinds, to the diſhonour of God our Maker; ſuch as evil thoughts, adulteries, &c. See Mark. vii. 21, 22. —Now as the wrath of God is revealed againſt all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs of men, Rom. i. 18. therefore, every man by nature, is liable to, and a child of the wrath of God. Eph. ii. 3. —All men by nature are without ſtrength or power to perform works to recommend themſelves to God. Rom. v. 6. Hence it is expreſſly declared that ſalvation is *not of works*. Eph. ii. 8, 9. Tit. iii. 5. Man being thus ruined, and helpleſs, if the bleſſed God had not looked upon us in mercy, we had been for ever without hope. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we ſee ſuch miſerable, helpleſs ſinners, he gave his Son Jeſus to die for us. Rom. v. 8. Jeſus in dying for us is the propitiation or atonement for our ſins. 1 Joh. ii. 2. iv. 10. Jeſus has thus died for all men without exception. John. iii. 16. 2 Cor. v. 15. 1 Joh. ii. 2. In Jeſus dwelleth all the fulneſs of the Godhead. In his perſon divinity and humanity are united. Col. ii. 9. 1 Tim. iii. 16. Matt. i. 23. John. i. 1, 14. His ſalvation full, complete, and
free.

free, to every sinner desirous to enjoy it, who come, to God by him. *Isai. lv. i. 1 Cor. i. 30. Col. i. 19. Heb. vii. 25. Rev. xxii. 17.* This salvation is received and enjoyed by faith, not by works. *Acts. xvi. 30, 31. Rom. iv. 5. Eph. ii. 8, 9.* Yet faith, if real and genuine, will be productive of holiness in heart and life. *Acts. xv. 9. Gal. v. 6. Jam. ii. 18.* Therefore whoever lives *habitually* in the practice of known sin, gives proof that whatever he may pretend to, he is not possessed of true faith, nor is a state of salvation. *1 John. ii. 4. iii. 6, 7, 8, 9.* It is both the duty and desire of a true believer to pursue holiness and purity. *Heb. xii. 14. 1 John. iii. 3.* Believers have many enemies both inward and outward, to obstruct their progress in the way of holiness. *Rom. vii. 15, 19, 21, 23. Gal. v. 17. 2 Tim. iii. 12. 1 Pet. v. 8.* But they may have all needful help from Christ here to surmount all their difficulties and obstructions, as they look unto him by faith, in prayer, and other ordinances; and a glorious eternal reward, and infinitely more than a recompense for all in heaven. *Isa. xl. 31. Rom. vi. 14. 1 Cor. x. 13. 2 Cor. xii. 9. Heb. xiii. 5. 1 Cor. xv. 58. 2 Thess. i. 7. Heb. vi. 10. Rev. iii. 21.* Therefore such are both to be exhorted and encouraged to press forward in holiness, notwithstanding all opposition. *Heb. xii. 1. Acts. xi. 23.* Holiness is a conformity to the will of God in temper and conduct; and therefore all believers are to be labouring after a conformity to the divine will, to be more and more *transformed* according to it,

by the *renewing of their mind*, Rom. xii. 2. And to be continually cultivating every divine temper, and increasing in *virtue* or sacred courage. † Spiritual *knowledge* and understanding; *temperance*, in the enjoyment of all God's good creatures; *patience* in all afflicting and distressing circumstances; every kind and part of *godliness*; or every pious affection, and exercise of mind with, for, and towards God, as a holy, kind, and gracious father; and *brotherly kindness* towards all God's people; with undissembled and disinterested *charity*, or love towards all men in all circumstances. 2 Pet. i. 5, 6, 7. These divine tempers are a happy foundation for every duty; and to all duties, believers ought to be urged and encouraged. They ought to attend to every ordinance; private and public prayer, on all proper occasions; Eph. iv. 19, 20. Reading and hearing the word John. v. 39. Heb. ii. 3. vi. 2. xii. 25. 1 Pet. ii. 2. meditation upon it. Psal. i. 2. self-examination by it. 2 Cor. xiii. 5. They ought to attend to the sacred ordinance of baptism, Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts. ii. 38, 39. xxii. 16. which in our judgment, the scriptures plainly teach us to administer to believers only, or those who profess to believe; and only by immersion. Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts. viii. 12, 36, 38. When a person is baptized, he ought to join with the people of God, in church-fellowship. Acts. ii. 41. And being joined with them in a regular manner, they ought to observe every

† The greek word *aretē* in 2 Pet. i. 5. translated virtue, is thought by many, properly to signify *courage*.

other

other duty and appointment of Christ. Mat. xxviii. 20. Acts. ii. 42. especially the Lord's supper, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c. and to practise, with diligence, watchfulness and care, every part of morality, to every person, in every relation, and every circumstance as they would have, or could reasonably wish, others to do to them in like circumstances and relations. Mat. vii. 12. Thus in the observance of every duty, and all the paths of holiness, ought all believers, to go forward to their end of life, 'till they be released from the evils and sorrows of this sinful world, and translated into the regions of uninterrupted felicity and consummate joy.

2dly. As to the method we have taken in compiling these Hymns, it may be sufficient to observe, that the *Title-Page* intimates few of them are new to the world. We have ventured with freedom to collect from any Author we conveniently could, what appeared to be most valuable, and best to suit our design. With the like freedom we have not scrupled to alter words, lines, or whole stanza's, as we have thought proper, as other compilers have done before us; and have now and then retrenched or enlarged the Hymns we thought proper to make use of; though instances of this kind are not very frequent. And though we hope it will not be esteemed vanity to imagine that we have not in all cases altered for the worse; yet we freely own, we have sometimes suppressed or omitted a strong and lively figure, and have placed a more easy and familiar phrase instead
of

of it, as thinking it more level with the capacities of the common people, and on that account preferable to more lofty and strong language. For we would have it to be observed,

3dly. That it has been our design to publish a Hymn-Book for public worship, that might be as much as possible, suited to promote the advantage and edification of the common people, who, we know, compose the chief part of our assemblies. To this end, we have endeavoured that the verse should, in general, where alterations or additions are made, be easy and smooth, the ideas clear and obvious, the language plain and familiar, and as much agreeable to the language of scripture, as a work of this nature would conveniently admit. Tho' we are sensible a few of the following Hymns, which for their excellency, we have made choice of, and by reason of their beauty, we have left untouched, rise somewhat above the reach of common capacities. Our design was also, that, if possible, no verse should convey any idea, but what is derived from plain scripture: Hence wherever we observed a line the meaning of which we thought to be doubtful, or perhaps, in a few places, scarcely justifiable, we thought our plan required that we should change it for one more near the sense of scripture, and which conveyed more fixed and certain ideas. Nor do we imagine this practice at all culpable, since we stand accountable for whatever mistakes may be found in the whole collection.

What

What censures may be passed on the matter, method or design, we are not to determine. But our desire and prayer is that hereby the edification of God's people may be promoted, and the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour glorified; that those who sing, may sing both with the spirit and understanding, and that while the words are uttered by the tongue, the weight and importance of the truths they contain, may be impressed on the heart. That this, and every other publication, may be attended with a blessing from the **GOD OF ALL GRACE**, to promote and spread abroad the life and power of **true godliness**, is the hearty prayer of

The Compilers.

**JULY 2, }
1772. }**

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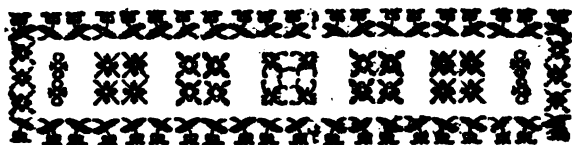
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Hymns



Hymns and Spiritual Songs.



I. Before public Prayer.

1. **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice,
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice:
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And Psalms of honour sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's king.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him:
- 4 Earth with it's caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come and with ~~his~~ humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face ;
O may the-creatures of his pow'r,
Be children of his grace.

6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

II. Liberty to enter into the holiest by the blood of Christ. Heb. x, 19, 22:

1 **A**PPROACH your father, sons of God,
Fav'rites of heaven, draw near :
Enter the holiest, with delight,
Tho' his own ark be there.

2 Pass thro' the veil, the Saviour's flesh,
That new and living way ;
And majesty enshrined in love
Shall gentle beams display.

3 Jesus, with sin-aton-ing blood,
The throne hath sprinkled o'er ;
His fragrant incense spreads it's cloud
And justice flames no more.

4 Approach with boldness and with joy,
Ye holy ones draw near ;
Pure be your lives from every stain,
And every conscience clear.

5 So shall refreshing dews of grace,
On all your souls distill;
'Till more than conqu'ror each arrives,
On his celestial hill.

III. God glorified by the holiness of his saints.

1 **G**REAT teacher of thy church; we own,
Thy precepts all divinely wise;
O may thy mighty pow'r be shewn,
To fix them still before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our souls with heavenly zeal;
That while we trust thy pow'r to save,
We may thy sacred law fulfil.

3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace,
May our examples brightly shine;
And the sweet lussre of thy face,
Reflected, beam from each of thine.

4 These lineaments, divinely fair,
Our heav'nly Father shall proclaim;
And men that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

IV. Inviting sinners to Christ.

1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.

He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to see your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the spirit's glimm'ring beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd."
Sinners will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads his all atoning blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no object else intrude,
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful realms of glory,
Sweetly echo with his name.

Hallelujah!

Sinners here may do the same.

V. Another.

1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;

The

The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Come all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind ;
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd,
A soul reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
With streams that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

(Dear God ! the treasures of thy grace,
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.)

7 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day ;
Come sinners, here, receive supplies,
And drive your wants away.

VI. Another

VI. Another.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
Jesus hath dy'd for all mankind.
- 2 " Have me excus'd" why will you say,
From health, and life, and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus given,
From pardon, holiness, and heav'n !
- 3 Come guilty souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !
Pardon and life, let all embrace,
And freely now, be sav'd by grace.
- 5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you ;
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious gospel day ;
Come guilty sinners at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

VII. Another.

1. **Y**E weary wanderers, now draw near,
 That know no solid peace or rest,
 Lay by your doubt and anxious fear,
 And lean upon the Saviour's breast;
 All's stolen fruit that can be found,
 To cheer the souls on nature's ground.
2. Come, for the gospel bids you come;
 Jesus for sinners bled and dy'd;
 The sacred word reports there's room,
 The Lamb shall take you for his bride.
 Your souls shall find a resting place,
 In arms of everlasting grace.

VIII, At the opening of Worship.

1. **N**OW may the spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above;
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy and peace and love!
2. Thee, we the comforter confess,
 Unless thou'rt present here,
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless prayer:
3. Wake heav'nly wind arise and come,
 Blow on the drooping field;
 Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
 And fragrant incense yield.

4. Touch

4 Touch with a living coal the lip,
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

IX. Another.

1 **O**NCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask ;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.

2 Father, thy quickening spirit send,
From heaven in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit ;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.

5 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake ;
Say to the south-wind blow ;
Let every plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly showers,
 The cold with warmth divine ;
 And, as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

X. Reading or hearing the Scriptures.

1 **O** God of wisdom, God of might,
 Great ruler in the realms of light ;
 Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
 But make the babe and suckling wise ;
 Help thy un-knowing servants Lord,
 To understand thy sacred word.

2 Reveal thy scriptures to our mind,
 Here let us heav'nly treasures find,
 To us thy sacred leaves unfold,
 Let us thy richest grace behold ;
 O let thy spirit lead us forth,
 And teach us all it's endless worth.

3 Direct us lest we judge amiss.
 Lest error cloud the hidden bliss ;
 We would th' ingrafted word receive,
 And back to thee the glory give.
 O make us know, O make us hear,
 The glorious tidings treasured there.

XI. After

XI. After Speaking.

1 **W**ITH heart and voice unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word ;—
We bless thee for the joyful news,
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain,
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given :

3 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
Let neither fowls nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace..

XII. Isaiah xl. 29.

1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want,
Tree of life ! thine influence shed,
With thy sap, my spirit feed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas ! am I,
With'ring without thee, lo ! I die ;
Weak, as helpless infancy ;
O confirm my soul in thee.

3 Unsustain'd by thee, I fall,
Send the strength for which I call !
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4. All.

- 4 All my hopes on thee depend,
 Love me, save me, to the end !
 Give me the continuing grace ;
 Take the everlasting praise !

XIII. Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still !

O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will !

- 2 Lord, send thy spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart ;
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
 Let no corrupt design ;
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere,
 Let sin have no dominion Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

XIV. Effects of Faith.

1 **H**OW my dear Lord, shall I express
The present happiness I share?
With joy, my heart can now confess
That Jesu's name is written there.

2 I, who on husks but lately fed,
A prodigal estrang'd from God,
Now eat the true and heavenly bread,
And feed on more than angel's food.

3 Sunk in love's bottomless abyss,
With saints and angels, now I join,
And wait for everlasting bliss,
In joyful hope and songs divine.

4 Yet still, I only thirst while here,
The happy life of faith to live;
More choice, and riper fruits to bear,
'Till I on sion's shore arrive.

5 Let me pursue the path begun,
Gladly therein my days to spend;
'Till all my pilgrimage is done,
And faith and hope in glory end.

XV. Christ precious to a Believer.

1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the earth might hear.

Yes,

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 O may thy name still cheer my heart,
And shed its fragrance there !
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my fear.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath ;
When speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

XVI. Christ honoured, and the Sinner humbled.

1 **T**HE Saviour's love once truly known,
The man of sin and self pulls down ;
Humbles the sinner at his feet,
And makes his wounds and passion sweet.

2 Bow'd down in shame, we gladly own,
The work to be the Lord's alone ;
To him our very lives we owe,
For mercy tasted here below.

3 Our

XIX. Christ our only Refuge.

- 1 **H**OW blest'd are they, whose feet have found,
The way unto Immanuel's ground;
And stedfastly do walk therein,
Far from the crooked paths of sin.
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest.
Contentedly on Jesu's breast;
They here his wond'rous mercy prove,
And his dear name, and statutes love.
- 3 In peace their hearts enjoy the Lamb.
Who once was wrapt in human frame;
They view within his bloody rays,
The object of eternal praise.
- 4 His word declares, their sins forgiven;
His spirit seals them heirs of heaven;
And gives them patience here to wait,
'Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 5 He arms them for the evil day;
And while in heart with him they stay,
He guides them by his mighty pow'r,
And brings them thro' the trying hour.
- 6 Then rest my soul, upon thy Lord.
Ev'n Jesus Christ, the living word;
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,
'Till it break out in endless day.

XX. To Jesus Christ.

- 1 **O** Thou in whom the gentiles trust,
Thou only holy, only just ;
Assist us to adore thy name,
Jesus, unchangeably the same.
- 2 If angels, while to thee they sing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing ;
How shall we, sinful dust, draw nigh,
Thy great and awful majesty !
- 3 Glory to thee, O spotless Lamb !
Thou holy Lord, thou great I AM !
With all our powers ; thy name we bless,
Our joy, our peace, our righteousness !
- 4 Live ever glorious Jesus ! live,
Worthy all blessings to receive ;
Worthy on high, enthron'd to sit,
With ev'ry power beneath thy feet !
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for sinful man ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, A M E N.

XXI. The same.

- 1 **C O M E** let us all unite to praise,
The Saviour of mankind ;

Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When angels try in vain ;
Their faces veil when they appear,
Before the son of man.

3 Silent O Lord ! we would not be,
By love we are constrain'd,
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our friend !

4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise ;
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame ;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given !
By men below—by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven !

XXII. Salvation.

1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
What pleasure to our ears !
A sov'reign-balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation

2 Salvation ! let the eccho fly,
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs ;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

XXIII. Striving to praise Christ.

1 **L**ET us the sheep, by Jesus nam'd,
Our tender shepherd bless ;
Let us, whom Jesus hath redeem'd,
Shew forth our thankfulness.

2 Not unto us, to thee alone,
Be praise and glory giv'n ;
Here shall thy praises be begun,
And carry'd on in heav'n.

3 The happy spirits now with thee,
Eternal anthems sing !
To imitate them here, lo ! we
Our hallelujah's bring.

4 Had we our tongues like them inspir'd,
Like theirs, our songs should rise ;
Like them, we never should be tir'd,
But love the sacrifice.

5 Till we this veil of flesh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays ;

And

And when O Lord! we reach thy throne,
We'll join in nobler lays.

XXIV. Confidence.

1. **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2. I'll sing thy truth and mercy Lord:
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy pow'r, and glory show.

3. To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

4. Amidst a thousand shares I stand,
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

XXV. Joy in Christ.

1. **M**Y dear Redeemer, dying Lord,
I love to hear of thee;
Thy name doth grace and life afford,
To sinful souls like me.

2. Thy precious name so warms my heart,
And sets my soul on flame;

I wou'd

I wou'd not Lord, from thee depart,
But always love thy name.

3 I live, because my Saviour dy'd,
Above the pow'r of sin ;
Hereby I'm freely justify'd,
Because he rose again.

4 Christ lives in me, and I in him,
The happy life of faith ;
E'er long he will destroy my sin,
And quite abolish death.

XXVI. Living by Faith.

1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;
On him alone, my soul shall stay,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away.

2 Father ! thy everlasting grace,
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
The worst of sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O love thou bottomless abyss !
My sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
My soul from condemnation free.

While

While Jesu's blood thro' earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4. By faith, I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away sad doubt, and anxious fear,
I view divine compassion there;
5. Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' earthly joys be wholly dead,
And mortal comforts be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this, my soul relies,
Rather thy mercy never dies.
6. Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This only can my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

XXVII. Admiring Christ's Love, and cleaving to him.

1. JESUS! thou wounded Lamb of God,
We sing the virtue of thy blood;
O keep us near thy side, then pain
Is sweet, and life, or death, is gain.

3. Take

- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
And draw us by thy pow'rful love,
To set our minds on things above.
- 3 How can it be, thou heav'nly king,
That thou should'st man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And give them an immortal crown?
- 4 Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Loosen our stamm'ring tongues to tell,
Thy love immense unfearful.
- 5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow,
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

XXVIII. Universal Praise.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing;
Let all who live on earth adore,
Their former and their king.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath,
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues.

We

We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let growling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll;
Praise him in your unweary'd course,
Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our maker's name,
The wide creation fills;
And his unbounded grandeur flies.
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

XXIX. Inviting Sinners to Christ.

1 **O** For a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace.

[2 My gracious master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honour of thy name.]

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He

4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin ;
He sets the prisoners free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race :
Look and be sav'd thro' faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace.

6 Harlots and publicans, and thieves,
In holy triumph join :
Sav'd is the sinner that believes,
From crimes as great as mine.

7 Murd'ers and all ye hellish crew,
Blacken'd with lust and pride,
Believe the Saviour dy'd for you,
For you the Saviour dy'd.

8 Thus shall ye Jesus' pity know,
Shall know your sins forgiv'n ;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own that love is heav'n.

XXX. God our only Happiness.

1 **O**UR God, our portion, and our love,
Our everlasting all ;
We've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !

There's nothing here deserves our joys,
There's nothing like our God.

3 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once with thee compar'd ?

Or what's our safety or our health,
If from thy love debarr'd ?

4 Were we possessors of the earth,
And call'd the stars our own ;
Without thy graces and thy self,
Our souls would be undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant us the visits of thy face,
And we desire no more.

XXXI. Praise to the Redeemer.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay ;
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace,
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh !

4. Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills,
 Their lasting silenced break ;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

XXXII. Hope in the Covenant; Heb. vi. 17, 19.

1. **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove,
 To rend my soul from thee, my God ?
 But everlasting is thy love,
 Display'd in my Redeemer's blood.

2. The oath and promise of the Lord,
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3. Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies :
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

4. The gospel bears my spirits up ;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths and promises and blood.

XXXIII. Thanksgiving.

- 1 **M**EE T and right it is to sing,
 Glory to our God, and king;
 Meet in every time and place,
 To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join ye saints, with awe profound;
 Angels, help the solemn sound:
 Publish thro' the world abroad,
 Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises, here, to thee we give;
 Gracious thou, our thanks receive;
 Holy father, sov'reign Lord,
 Ev'ry where, be thou ador'd.
- 4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
 Sing we still in Jesu's name;
 Saviour, thee we ever bless;
 Thee our Lord, and God confess.

XXXIV. Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 **C**OME we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind,
 Be banish'd from the place;

Religion:

Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly king,
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

5 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we sin
To that immortal state;
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

{ 8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
Let ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immortal's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXV. The Pilgrim's Hymn.

1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye your journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock and blest;
Ye on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your father's son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord !

6 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

XXXVI. Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
On jewish altars slain ;
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Take all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My soul looks backs to see,
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And sees her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with chearful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

XXXVII. Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

XXXVIII. Gratitude.

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My happy soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

3 Unnumber'd comforts, Lord of all,
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.

4 When

- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revis'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Thy bounteous hand, with various good
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in thy Son, my dearest friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Thro' all eternity my God,
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But Oh! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

XXXIX. A blessed Gospel

- 1 **B**EST are the souls that hear and know,
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And all their steps surround.
- 2 The gospel bears their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;

His

His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor satan dares condemn.

3. The Lord their helper and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Jesus, their king, in glory reigns,
Their God for ever lives.

XL. Preaching Peace by Jesus, Christ, &c. Acts. x. 36.

1. **J**ESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
We bless thee for the gospel word;
O send the joyful sound abroad,
Let all the nations know their God!
2. Our sins have cry'd to heav'n aloud,
Provok'd the vengeance of a God;
But Jesus undertakes our cause,
And satisfies his father's laws.
3. Thus we are sav'd from endless wrath,
Redeem'd by our Immanuel's death;
From sin and guilt, from grief and woe,
And made the heirs of glory too.
4. O sinners view the bleeding Lamb!
He dy'd for you, trust in his name:
Believe, for you the Saviour dy'd:
Believe and you are justify'd.
5. Dear Jesus, send thy gospel forth,
From east to west, from south to north:

Let

Let sinners thy salvation see,
And distant nations trust in thee.

XLI. Justified freely by his Grace, &c. Rom. iii. 24.

1 CONDEMN'D are all the sons of men,
Jehovah's law is broke;

But Jesus the Redeemer, came
To save us from the stroke.

2 To save our wretched souls from woe,
He left his throne above:

Glory to him that lov'd us so;
Let angels sing his love.

2 The firm foundation for our hope,
Is laid in Jesu's blood;

This bears the helpless sinner up,
And brings him near to God.

3 Jesus a full atonement made
For Adam's fallen race;

All that believe are justify'd,
Are justify'd by grace.

5 For love so infinite as this,
Let endless praises rise,

To Christ the maker of our peace,
To Christ our sacrifice.

XLII. Justified by Faith. Rom. v. 1.

1 **B**EHOLD, to what a wretched case,
Hath sin reduc'd the human race!
Justice condemns the rebel dead;
Nor hath the rebel aught to plead.

2 Yet all mankind have gone astray;
We all have chose the crooked way;
By nature all are sons of wrath,
Obnoxious to eternal death.

3 But (O! how wond'rous is the grace!)
Jesus hath took the sinner's place;
To save our lives, he gave his own,
And in his gospel makes it known.

4 They who believe the gospel word,
And trust in thy salvation, Lords
Their vilest sins are now forgiv'n,
Rebels are made the heirs of heav'n.

5 Awake my heart, awake my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song:
Let all on earth, and all above,
For ever sing my Saviour's love.

XLIII.

XLIII. God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 **O** H! the Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings,
Bow down before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows;
He deals unsufferable pains,
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love,
Defend our Sion well;
And heav'nly mercy walls us round,
From all the pow'rs of hell.
- 6 Salvation to the king,
That sits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

XLIV. The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies ;
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd ;
Then I can smile at *Satan's* rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild-deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

XLV. The Lord's Day ; Or, The Resurrection of Christ.

1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays,
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode !

2. In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay ;
'Till the revolving skies had brought,
The third—th' appointed day.

3. Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain ;
The sleeping conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4. To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay ;
And loud *Hosanna's* shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

[5. Salvation and immortal praise,
To our victorious king ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad *Hosanna's* ring.]

XLVI. Spiritual and eternal Joy : Or, The beatific sight of Christ.

1. FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds ;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself out-brave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

D 2

3. There

3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity,
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes,
Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages, I'll adore,
The glories of thy love.

[5 Sweet *Jesus*, ev'ry smile of thine,
Shall fresh endearments bring ;
And thousand tastes of new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul,
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

XLVII. The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of light.
That cloath'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down :
Our Jesus fills a glorious seat,
Of the celestial throne.
- [5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode :
Sweet be the accents of your songs,
To our incarnate God..
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your noblest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

XLVIII. The Christian's Warfare.

- 1 **S**TAND up my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endless bliss,
Where thy great captain, Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conquest wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace;
 While all the armies of the skies,
 Join in my glorious leader's praise.

XLIX. Redemption by Christ.

1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race,
 Rebell'd and lost their God,
 And the infection of their sin,
 Had tainted all our blood.

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
 Of God's beloved son;
 Descending from the heav'nly court,
 He left his father's throne.

3 Aside the prince of glory threw,
 His most divine array;
 And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil,
 Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
 Redeem'd unhappy men;
 And rais'd the ruins of our race,
 To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear God, our flesh and soul,
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thy honour shall for ever be,
The bus'ness of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues,
Speak thy deserved praise.

L. Freedom from Sin and misery in Heaven.

1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a vi'lent sea;
They break our duty Lord, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar;
But death shall land our weary souls,
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our flaming love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace;
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever dear, his sacred name,
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus, and salvation be
 The close of ev'ry song.

LI. The Divine Glories above our Reason.

1 **H**OW wond'rous great, how glorious bright,
 Must our Creator be,
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light,
 Of vast infinity !

2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise,
 Tow'rd the celestial throne ;
 Fain would we see the blessed Three ;
 And the Almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all it's wings,
 And climbs above the skies ;
 But still how far beneath thy feet,
 Our grov'ling reason lies.

4 Lord here we bend our humble souls,
 And awfully adore :
 For the weak pinions of our minds,
 Can stretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely rise,
 Above our lab'ring tongue ;
 In vain the highest seraph tries
 To form an equal song.

[6 In humble notes our faith adores,
The great mysterious king ;
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

LII. The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

1 **C**OME all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

[3 Alas ! the cruel spear,
Went deep into his side ;
And the rich drops of purple gore,
Their wond'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4 The waves of swelling grief,
Did o'er his bosom roll ;
And mountains of Almighty wrath,
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death,
He bow'd his awful head ;
Yet he arose to live again,
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne ;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine,
With uncreated rays ;
And blest his saints' and angels' eyes,
To everlasting days.

LIII. Sufficiency of Pardon.

1. **S**INNERS, behold the Saviour's love,
And lay aside despair ;
Behold the pangs he bore for you,
All, all your help is there.

2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed,
The stars that fill the skies ?
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise ?

3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell ?

And

And has it's curs'd foundations laid,
Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See! here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace :
Behold a dying Saviour's veins,
The sacred flood increase.

3 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound :
Believing sinners here are cleans'd,
Their sins no more are found.

6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace,
That buries all our faults ;
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

LIV. The Blessedness of an Ab- sence from the Body, and Presence with the Lord. 2 Cor, v. 8.

1 **H**OW happy are the faints,
From mortal flesh discharg'd!
From clogs, infirmities and chains,
Unfetter'd and enlarg'd!

2 No

2 No more in might they dwell,
No more lock'd up in clay;
Down drops the dark impris'ning cell,
And all is boundless day.

3 Their father and their God,
Now face to face is seen;
Without one frown upon his brow,
Without a cloud between.

4 The Lamb doth lead their souls,
To founts of life and bliss;
And tells them he is ever theirs,
And they are ever his.

5 With pleasure they survey,
The trophies of his might;
While their expanding bosoms glow,
With infinite delight.

6 No longer then let death,
Be dreaded or deplor'd;
'Tis a deliverance from the flesh,
To bring us near our Lord.

**LIV. God beseeching Sinners to
be reconciled to Him. 2 Cor.
v. 20.**

1 **H**ARK how the gospel-trumpet sounds !
'Tis a delightful voice :
" Pris'ners of death, no longer groan ;
" Ye broken hearts rejoice."

2 Pardon to sinners is proclaim'd,
By their affronted God ;
'Tis GOD beseeches to accept,
Peace made by Jesu's blood.

3 What answer, Lord, shall we return,
To this stupendous grace ?
Shall the most high, t' eternal bliss,
Beseech a ruin'd race ?

4 When vengeance might have crush'd to death,
The poor, rebellious worms,
The God of love proposes peace,
In most alluring forms.

5 What heart such kindness can resist,
Or spurn such wond'rous grace ?
Come, sinners, hear your maker's voice,
And take, in heaven, your place.

E

LIV. Thanks

LV. Thanks to God for Jesus Christ.

1 **T**HE Father, in his boundless grace,
His own beloved Son has given,
From death and hell to save our race;
His Son! the richest gift of heav'n.

2 Blessings transcendent and divine,
Unnumber'd, and beyond all bound,
In this stupendous gift combine,
In him, our Saviour-God, are found.

3 His blood effaces all our sin;
His spirit purifies our hearts:
Dispels the night and storms within,
And heav'nly calms, and joys imparts.

4 But O! beyond this mortal state,
Thro' Jesus what full pleasures rise!
Immortal, infinitely great
In blissful realms, above the skies.

5 Father, and fountain-head of grace,
To thee be endless praises giv'n,
Below, by all the ransom'd race,
Above, by all the choirs of heav'n.

LVI. The

**LVI. The Privileges and Hopes
of Saints. 1 John. iii. 1, 2,
3.**

1 **H**OW wond'rous is the love,
That makes us heirs of heav'n !
The love that has renew'd our hearts,
And all our guilt forgiv'n !

2 The saints are here unknown,
Are princes in disguise ;
Nor shall their glories be reveal'd,
'Till Christ shall leave the skies..

3 Then shall they see his face,
And in his blissful sight ;
Shall with his image be adorn'd,
And shine divinely bright..

4 Transported with this hope,
And with these blessings crown'd ;
Holy and heav'nly be our lives ;
Such as our Lord's was found..

5 That hope shall not be vain,
Which operates by love ;
While hourly fruits of righteousness,
It's heav'nly virtue proves.

B. c.

LVII. The

LVII. The Sacrifice of Christ accepted; Or, God glorified, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **T**IS finished" our Immanuel-cry'd,
And bow'd his sacred head, and dy'd,
At last the glorious conflict's o'er,
And sin and death shall reign no more.
- 2 'Twas then the great apostate fell,
Doom'd in eternal chains to hell;
Black legions round their monarch wait,
And curse his fall, and share his fate.
- 3 Death saw th' Almighty conq'r'or come,
And spread a glory round his gloom;
Robb'd of his dart, his sling, his pow'r,
The ghastly foe affrights no more.
- 4 *Justice* the wond'rous deed survey'd,
And own'd the sinner's ransom paid;
While mercy all divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly feature smil'd.
- 5 Well-pleas'd th' Almighty Father saw,
The bleeding victim to his law;
" Enough," he cry'd, " let sinners live,
" The debt's discharg'd, and I forgive."
- 6 Hither, ye trembling sinners fly;
Look up, and see a Saviour die:

His

His blood your anguish shall relieve,
And life, and joys immortal, give.

**LVIII. The Sinner's Welcome
to the Waters of Life. Rev.
xxii. 17.**

1 **T**HE Spirit in the word,
And in his motions cries,
"Come to the fountain-head of life,
"And come for large supplies."

2 The bride, the church on earth,
And church in heav'n combine,
To bid unworthy sinners come,
And drink the joys divine.

3 Let him that hears the call,
Spring from his long delay;
And to this great salvation fly,
And seize the bliss to-day.

4 Let ev'ry one that thirsts,
To know the Saviour's love,
Come to the ever-flowing springs,
And all their virtue prove.

5 And whosoever will,
Is welcome to receive,
The streams of everlasting life,
That Christ will freely give.

6 Jesus, is this thy voice ?
 We blest the gracious call,
 And fly with joyful haste to thee,
 Our Saviour and our all.

LIX. Meditation of Heaven ; Or, the Joy of Faith.

1 **M**Y thoughts, surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil ;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed three in one ;
 And strong affections fix my sight,
 On God's incarnate Son.

3 Light are the pains that nature brings ;
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things,
 The present we compare.

4 I would not be a stranger still,
 To that celestial place ;
 Where I for ever hope to dwell,
 Near my Redeemer's face.

LX. Christ's

LX. Chrif's Victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring king,
The prince of darkness flies ;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r,
And malice to the deep.
- 3 *Hofanna* to our conqu'ring king,
All hail incarnate love ;
Ten thousand songs and glories wait,
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame,
Round the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing,
The triumphs thou hast won.

LXI. The Glory of Chrif in Heaven.

- 2 **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place ;
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams,
Of his o'erflowing grace.
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow ;

And

And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.

[3 Princes to his imperial name,
Bend their bright sceptres down,
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street ;
And lay their highest honours down,
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
Which once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the heav'ns adore.

6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around !]

7 This is the man—th' exalted man,
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

LXII. Distinguishing Love ; Or, Angels punished and Man saved.

1. **D**OWN headlong from their native skies,
The rebel-angels fell ;
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath,
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2. Down from the top of earthly bliss,
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To save a sinking world.

3. Oh, love of infinite degrees !
Unmeasurable grace !
Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
To save a trait'rous race ?

4. Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire ;
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher ?

5. Oh, for this love, let earth and skies,
With *Hallelujah's* ring ;
And the full choir of human tongues,
Eternal anthems sing.

LXIII. The

LXIII. The same.

1 **F**ROM heav'n the shining angels fell;
 And wrath and darkness chain'd them down;
 But man—vile man forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown !

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
 That could distinguish rebels so !
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud,
 For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay ;
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise,
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

LXIV. The World's three chief Temptations.

1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,
 We look on things below ;
 Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dang'rous too !

2 Honour's a puff of noisy breath,
 Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death,
 To gain that airy good.

3 While others starve their nobler mind,
 And feed on shining dust ;

They ;

They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls !
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Or part with heav'n for you.

LXV. Christ's Commission. John. iii. 16, 17.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs ;
Come, render to Almighty grace,
The tributes of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pity'd dying men ;
The Father sent his only Son,
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd,
With a revenging rod ;

No

No hard commiffion to perform,
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forfook the throne,
When Chrift on the kind errand came,
To bring falvation down.

5 Here, finners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry ;
Truft in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you fhall never die.

LXVI. The fame.

1 **R**AISE your triumphant fongs,
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth refound the deeds.
Celeftial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love,
It's beft beloved chofe,
And bid him raife our wretched race,
From their abyfs of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror cloaths his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty fouls,
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath flood fient by ;
When Chrift was fent with pardons down,
For rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now,

3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call :
We lay an humble claim;
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

LXVII. Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes,
Up to the courts above ;
And smile to see our father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And hot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesu's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face ;
That sprinkled o'er his burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guard his feet,
Or double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,
Are open'd by the Son :
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high,
And glory to th' Eternal king,
That lays his fury by.

LXVIII. Angels ministring to Christ and Saints.

1 **G**REAT God! to what a glorious height,
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son !
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet, thy armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move ;
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.

3 His orders run thro' all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the *british* coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of thine abode ;
Thro' all the dangers that we meet,
In trav'ling thro' the heav'nly road.

Lord,

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

LXIX. Christ's Death, Victory and Dominion.

- 1 **I** Sing my Saviour's wond'rous death,
He conquer'd when he fell :
" 'Tis finish'd" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our *Immanuel* cries,
The dreadful work is done :
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise ;
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord ;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide,
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,
Await their several crowns ;

And all the sons of darkness fly,
The terrors of his frowns.

LXX. God the Avenger of his Saints ; Or, his Kingdom su- preme.

1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God :
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state,
To him ascribe their crown ;
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is supreme :
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you *gods*, that awful name ;
But ye must die like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe,
Not dare to vex the just ;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear :
The meanest saint that you despise,
Has an avenger there.

LXXI. The

LXXI. The Priesthood of Christ

1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies :
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries ;
 But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
 Speaks *peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high :
 Behold he lays his vengeance by ;
 And rebels that deserve his sword,
 Become the fav'rites of the Lord..

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice :
 Now he appears before our God,
 And for our pardon, pleads his blood.

LXXII. The holy Scriptures,

1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee my Lord :
 And not a glimpse of hope appears,
 But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my father's grace,
 Can all my grief assuage :
 Here I behold my Saviour's face,
 In many a lovely page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies,
 The pearl of price unknown ;

That merchant is divinely wise,
That makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

LXXIII. Living and dying with God present.

1 **H**OW num'rous are thy beauties, Lord !
I would not e'er from thee depart ;
Be thou, my heart, still hear my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile :
Yet I would stay my father's time,
And hope, and wait for heav'n, a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thy embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath ;

And

And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

LXXIV. Invitation of sinners to Christ. Isaiah. lv. 1.

1 **H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
['Tis God invites the fallen race]

Mercy, and free salvation buy ;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners-obey your maker's call :
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

3 See from the rock, a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have and are behind :
Frankly the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

LXXV The same. Isaiah lv. 2. &c.

1 **H**ITHER, ye lab'ring sinners, come ;
Jesus, the Lord, invites you near :
Jesus,

Jefus fhall take you for his own,
And make you his peculiar care.

2 Why feek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry fouls fustain ?
On afhes, hufks, and air, ye feed ;
Ye fpend your little all in vain.

3 In fearch of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?
Chrift has the words of endlefs life.

4 Hearken to Chrift with earneft care,
And freely eat fubftantial food ;
The fweetnefs of his mercy fhare,
And tafte that he alone is good.

5 He bids you all his goodnefs prove,
His promifes for finners free :
Come, tafte the manna of his love,
And all his full falvation fee.

6 Your willing ear and heart incline ;
His words believably receive ;
Quickened your foul by faith divine,
An everlafting life fhall live.

LXXVI. The Love of Chrift.

1 O Love divine, what haft thou done ;
The Lamb of God hath dy'd for me :
The

The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Bore all my sins upon the tree !
 The Lamb of God for me hath dy'd :
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

2 Behold him all ye that pass by ;
 The bleeding prince of life and peace :
 Come, see, ye worms, the Saviour die.
 And say, was ever grieflike his ?
 He for the vilest sinner dy'd ;
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God :
 Believe, believe the record true ;
 We all are bought with *J/s*'s blood.
 Pardon and peace flow from his side ;
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream ;
 All things, for him, account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him ;
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

LXXVIII Gratitude for Conversion

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r :
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown :
 he would I love, with all my pow'r :
 Thee would I love, and thee alone :

Thee.

Thee would I love in life and death,
And praise thee with my latest breath.

2 Ah ! why did I so late thee know ?
Thee, lovelier than sons of men !

Ah ! why did I no sooner go,
To thee the only ease in pain ?
Aham'd, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness, willingly, I stray'd :
I sought thee not, but from thee rov'd.
Far wide, my wand'ring thoughts were spread ;
Thy creature more than thee I lov'd :
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee uncreated sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd :
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind,
I thank thee whose enliv'ning voice,
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Direct me in the sacred race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
Still to press forward in thy way.
Let all my pow'rs, with all their might,
To glorify my God unite.

6 Thee would I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee would I love, my Lord, my God :

Thee

Thee would I love beneath thy frown,
Or smile; thy sceptre, or thy rod:
Thee would I love in endless day,
When heav'n and earth are past away.

LXXVIII. Christ the Friend of Sinners.

- 1 **W** HERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heav'n aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire!
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
And sing my great deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father which thou to me shew'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God!
Should know my ev'ry sin forgiv'n;
Blest with the antipast of heav'n.
- 3 And shall I slight my father's love?
Or basely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
Refuse to tell how good thou art,
Or hide thy blessings in my heart.
- 4 No; tho' the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hosts to war;

Tho'

Tho' all the sons of men engage,
 Imbolden'd by thy love, I dare
 Jesus, the sinner's friend proclaim;
 Jesus, to sinners still the same.

5 Let all attend the Saviour's word:
 Sinners, the gift divine, receive:
 Attend the message from the Lord,
 Lift up your down-cast eyes, and live.
 Look unto Christ, and happy be,
 In time and to eternity.

LXXX. Salvation for the chief of Sinners, thro' Faith. 1 Tim. i, 15. Acts xvi. 31.

1 **H**OW chearing is the gospel found!
 Salvation free, in Jesu's name!
 In Jesu's blood, redemption found!
 Look sinners, to the slaughter'd Lamb!
 Look to his all-toning death!
 Look and be sav'd from endless wrath!

2 Outcasts of men, to you I call;
 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
 He spreads his arms t' embrace you all,
 Sinners, the Lord of life receives.
 No need of him the *righteous* have;
 He came the *lost* to seek, and save.

3 Come all ye *Magdalens* in lust,
 Ye ruffians fell, in murders old:

Repent,

Repent, and live, despair and trust !

Jesus for you to death was sold ;
Tho' hell protest, and earth repine,
He dy'd for crimes like your's and mine.

4 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of sin !
His bleeding heart shall make you room ;
His open'd arms shall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home ;
Come O my guilty brethren, come.

5 For you the purple current flow'd,
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side :
Languish'd for you the Son of God :
For you the prince of glory dy'd.
Believe ; and all your sin's forgiv'n,
Only believe ! and your's is heav'n.

LXXX. On the Crucifixion of Christ.

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd,
To bleed, and die for me !

2 Hark, how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid :
 Receive my soul, he cries ;
 See, where he bows his sacred head,
 He bows his head and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

LXXXI. Living by, and to, Christ.

1 JESUS thy boundless love to me,
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare !
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.

2 My Saviour, thou thy love to me,
 In want, in pain, in shame hast shew'd :
 For me on the accursed tree,
 Thou pouredst forth thy precious blood—

3 O draw me Saviour after thee ;
 So shall I run and never tire ;
 With gracious words still comfort me,
 Be thou my hope, my sole desire !

4 My health, my light, my life, my crown,
 My portion and my treasure thou :

Tabc

Take me dear Saviour for thy own,

To thee alone my soul I bow.

5: What in thy love possess I not ?

My star by night, my sun by day :

My spring of life, when parch'd with drought,

My wine to cheer, my bread to stay.

6: Thou art my everlasting all :

My hopes are fix'd alone on thee :

To thee I look, on thee I call ;

My God, my full salvation be.

LXXXII. The eternal God, his People's Refuge and Support. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1: **B**EHOLD the great Eternal God,
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,

And calls our souls to shelter there :

Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,

To all his Israel he displays,

Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2: Thither my feeble soul shall fly,

When terrors press, and death is nigh,

And there will I delight to dwell :

On that high tow'r I rear my head

Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,

Amidst surrounding pow'rs of hell.

3 The shadow of th' Almighty's wings,
 Composure unmolested brings,
 While threat'ning horrors round me croud,
 In vain the storms of rattling hail,
 The walls of this retreat assail,
 And the wild tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder strains my fearless tongue,
 Shall warble it's victorious song,
 My father's graces to proclaim:
 He bears his infant offspring on,
 To glory radiant as his throne,
 And joys eternal, as his name.

LXXXIII. EBENEZER; Or,
 God's helping Hand reviewed
 and acknowledged. 1 Sam.
 vii. 12. For New-Year's
 Day.

1 **M**Y helper God! I bless his name:
 The same his pow'r, his grace the same,
 The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand;

And

And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul on *Jordan's* shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

LXXXIX. Joy and Prosperity
from the Presence and Blessing
of God. Psalm. xc. 17.

1 **S**HINE on our souls Eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine :
O let thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be thine :

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent ;

For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us thro' this desert Road,
'Till all our labour cease ;
And heav'n refresh our weary souls,
With everlasting peace.

LXXXV. The Encouragement young Persons have to seek Christ. Pro. viii. 17.

1 **Y** E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crouds draw near ;
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 " The soul that longs to see my face,
" Is sure my love t' obtain ;
" And those that early seek my face,
" Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, should move my soul,
If once compar'd to thee ?

What

What beauty should command my love,
Like that in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here, I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

LXXXVI. The High-Way to Zion. Isai. xlv. 8, 9, 10.

SING ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer sing:
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Thro' all the path hath found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Thro' all the blissful road
'Till

'Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy,
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Are all, like shadows, fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

**LXXXVII. God intreated for
the Revival of Religion. Isai.
lxii. 6, 7.**

1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
Bow to our cries, thy gracious ear!
Before thee let our pray'rs arise;
Hear us, O great Jehovah, hear.

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
'Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raise,
'Till thy own pow'r shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise.

3 For this, behold a suppliant crowd,
Here in thy sacred temple wait;
For

For this we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Lord make the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

6 Let *Babylon's* proud altars shake,
And light invade her darkest gloom;
The yoke of iron-bondage break,
The yoke of *Satan*, and of *Rome*.

7 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes, and her priests:
And by thy energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.

8 Triumphant here, let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train,
Adorn our church, adorn our isle.

9 On all our souls, let grace descend,
Like heav'nly dew, in copious show'rs:
That

That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.

20 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise;
And Zion, made a praise of thee,
To thee shall render back the praise.

LXXXVIII. The active Christian.

Luk. xii. 35, 38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis our Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.

- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
 With his own royal hand;
 And raise that faithful servant's head,
 Amidst th' angelic band,

LXXXIX. Room at the Gospel- Feast. Luk. xiv. 22.

THE king of heav'n, his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not paradise, with all it's joys,
 Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace, to dying men,
 And endless life are giv'n;
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heav'n.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd,
 In sin's dark mazes come;
 Come from the hedges and highways,
 And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;

Not

Nor could the wide assembling world,
O'erfill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready; come away,

Nor weak excuses frame;

Crowd to your places at the feast,

And bless the Saviour's name.

XC. Relieving Christ in his poor Saints. Matt. xxv. 140.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!

Thy bounties how compleat!

How shall I count the matchless sum?

How pay the mighty debt!

2 High on a throne of radiant light,

Thou dost exalted shine:

What can my poverty bestow,

When all the world is thine.

3 But thou hast brethren here below,

The partners of thy grace;

And wilt confess their humble names,

Before thy father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloath'd and fed,

And visit'd and cheer'd:

And in their accents of distress,

My Saviour's voice is heard.

- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
 I in thy poor would see;
 O rather let me beg my bread,
 Than hold it back from thee.

XCI. Salvation by Grace. Eph.

ii. 5.

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound;
 Harmonious to my ear;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And God rejoice to hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road;
 And new supplies I hourly meet,
 While pressing home to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Thro' everlasting days;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

H

XCM. Love

**XCII. Love to others urged
from the Love of Christ. Eph.
v. 2.**

1 **N**OW be that sacrifice survey'd,
That ransom which the Saviour paid ;
That sight familiar to my view,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.

2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
And, gently bow'd his dying head ;
While love to sinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing smart.

3 Blest *Jesus*, while thy grace I sing,
What grateful tribute shall I bring ?
Let all my pow'rs and passions be,
Engag'd for him who dy'd for me.

**XCIII. God's Love to the World,
in sending Christ for it's Re-
demption. John. iii. 16.**

1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious song,
Assist the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
Wide as the world, his sov'reign mercy reigns,
Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains.

Ye

Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And sing the love, that brings to men salvation.

2. His gracious eyes beheld in full survey,
Where *Adam's* race in mingled ruin lay ;
No human aid the danger could avert ;
No angel's hand could soothe the raging smart.
In his own breast divine compassion rises,
And the grand scheme the court of heav'n surprises.

3. God's only Son, with peerless glories bright,
His Father's fairest image and delight,
Justice and grace the victim have decreed,
To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
Prostrate in dust, ye sinner, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4. The wond'rous work is done ; the cov'nant stood ;
And *Jesus* expiates human guilt with blood ;
Nail'd to the tree, he bows his sacred head ;
A mangled corpse, he dwells among the dead.
Rising, he sends his word thro' ev'ry nation,
Sinners, believe, and gain compleat salvation.

5. Father of grace, accept our humble praise,
O let it run thro' everlasting days !
And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
Receive the souls, dear-ransom'd with thy blood ;
And to those songs, form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

XCIV. God supplying the Necessities of his People. Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 **M**Y God! how charming is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his feat.

2 What want shall not our God supply,
From his abundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high,
An arm almighty pours!

3 From Christ the ever-living spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare, our lips, his name to sing,
Whose heart hath lov'd us so.

4 Now to our father and our God,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Thro' all the realms of man's abode,
And thro' the highest heav'n.

XCV. The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;

Amidst

Amidst the smoke on *Sinai's* hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down th' epistles of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart;
Our maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

[4 Hence we awake our fear:
We draw our comfort hence:
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd;
And here behold his blood:
All arts and knowledges beside,
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word;
We take the offer'd grace;
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall *satan* rage,
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guards the page;
Where beams of mercy shine.

XCVI. The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know,
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal,
Where lies our strength to do his will,
- 2 The *law* discovers guilt and sin.
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the *gospel* can express,
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the *law* denounce,
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the *gospel*, *Christ* appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the *gospel* gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

XCVII. Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

a Thus

- 2 Thus doth the Eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heav'ns in mourning flood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!
- 4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart:
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

XCVIII. The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name,
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

XCIX. The Vanity of Creatures : Or, no Rest on Earth.

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find,
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst, and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure the vile fever of the mind ;
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

C. Honour

C. Honour to Magistrates: Or, Government from God.

1 **E**TERNAL sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals, to thy majesty,
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 The crowns of *British* princes shine,
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine,
To make the nation blest.

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

5 Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid,
To *Cæsar* and his throne;
But consciences, and souls, were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CI. The Deceitfulness of Sin.

1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;

With,

With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives,
The aged and the young :
And while the headless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And, chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

5 Flee, sinners, to the bleeding Lamb,
'Tis he alone can save ;
Trust in the dear Redeemer's name,
And live beyond the grave.

CII. Prophecy and Inspiration.

1. **T** WAS by an order from the Lord,
The antient prophets spoke his word ;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;

The

I 65 I

The prophet's pen has ceased at his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes, with pleasure look;
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind,
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

CHII. Sinai and Sion. Heb.

xii. 18. &c.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of Angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight!

4 Behold

4 Behold the blest'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in *Christ* their living head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where *Jesus* is,
Must be for ever blest.

CIV. A New Song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6.

1 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

Now

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on thy head.

CV. The Son of God incarnate :
Or, the Titles and the King-
dom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6,
7.

1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born ;
Behold th' expected child appear,
What shall his names or titles be ?
The wonderful, the counsellor.

3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckl'd and ador'd ;
Th' Eternal Father, prince of peace,
The son of *David* and his Lord.

4 The government of earth and seas,
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And Honours to his name be paid.

5 *Jesus* the holy child shall sit,
High on his father *David's* throne ;

Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

CVI. Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 13.

1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the Saviour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And free from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
Thy're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life,
End in a large reward.

CVII. Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet,

i. 3, 4, 5.

1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

2 When

2 When from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3 What tho' our inbred sins require,
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
'Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

CVIII. The Christian Race. Isa.

xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears;
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone:
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee the over-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

CIX. The Works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 **H**OW strong thy arm is mighty God !
Who wou'd not fear thy name ?
Jesus, how sweet thy beauties are !
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our prophet and our king :
From bonds of hell, he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the *red sea*, by *Moses*' hand,
Th' *egyptian*-host was drown'd :
But his own blood hides all our sin,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When

4 When thro' the defart *Ifra'l* went,
With *Manna* they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his *flesh*,
And calls it living bread.

5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place :
But *Christ* shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame ;
And sweeter voices tune the song,
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

CX. Preserving Grace. Jude

24. 25.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

I 3.

4 Then.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

CXI. A Vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6, 8, 9.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor fill my ears;
Behold amidst the eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 All the assembling saints around,
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And in new songs of gospel-sound,
Address their honours to his name.
- 3 The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, and loose the seals."
- 4 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing;
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our teacher and our king.

5 His words of prophecy reveal,
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful, and the dreadful times.

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from death,
With thy invaluable blood;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made sons and heirs of God.

7 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

CXII. Justification by Faith,
not by Works: Or, the Law
condemns, Grace justifies. Rom.
iii. 19, 22.

1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men,
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now ;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 *Jesus*, how glorious is the grace !
When in thy name we trust !
Our faith receives a righteousness,
That makes the sinner just.

CXIII. Christ unseen, yet beloved. I Pet. i. 8.

1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight,
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow ;
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

CXIV. Dead

**CXIV. Dead to sin by the Cross
of Christ. Rom. vi, 1, 2, 6,**

1 **S** HALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace unbounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it mighty God!
Not let it e'er be said,
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We would be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Hath nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

**CXV. Joy in Heaven for a re-
penting Sinner. Luke, xv, 7,
10,**

1 **W** HO can describe the joys that rise,
Thro' all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return;
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve,
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The

- 3 The *Spirit* takes delight to view,
The holy soul he form'd anew !
And *saints* and *angels* join to sing,
The growing empire of our king.

CXVI. Christ Jesus the Lamb
of God, worshipped by all the
Creation. Rev. ii. 12, 13.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell below the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thy endless praise.

CXVII.

CXVII. Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring,
To thee O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar :
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men.
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, **AMEN.**

CXVII.

CXXIII. The Names and Titles of Christ; from several Scriptures.

- 1 **T**HIS from the treasures of his word,
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' Eternal God's beloved Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dip'd in blood.
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb repents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
Wh at winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender in his heart,
He acts the mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

- 7 At length the judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends ;
And saints in full fruition prove,
His rich variety of love.

CXIX. Salvation in the Cross.

1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love ;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all the tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes ;
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Move'els and firm this heart should lie :
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish there to die.

4 But shall I, Lord, indulge my fear ?
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor *satan* dares my soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

CXX. Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll,
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross.
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side.
- 3 My passions-rife and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that *Gabriel* sings.
- 4 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay; and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

CXXI. A Morning Song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
To him that rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night, his name repeats;
The day renews the sound;

Wide

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thy hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun ;
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

CXXII. An Evening Song.

1 **D** READ sov'reign let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard ;

And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Incompass me around ;
But O how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that dy'd,
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my moments roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee ;
And to thy hand my soul resign,
To be preserv'd by thee:

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest ;
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

CXXIII An Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 **H**OSANNA with a chearful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
That rais'd us with a word ;

And

And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord,

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake and we admire the bed,
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure,
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law ;
We own thy grace immortal king,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light,
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath his shady wings.

CXXIV. Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 **A**LAS and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my sovereign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I ?

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,
And bath'd in it's own blood,

While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When God the mighty maker dy'd,
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away!
'Tis all that I can do.

CXXV. Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 **T**HE true *Messiah* now appears,
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars,
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain:

Incen ☩

Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 *Aaron* must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest ;
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to shew
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 " Father," he cries, " forgive their sins,
" For I myself have dy'd"
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

CXXVI. The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of the World.

1 **S**ING to the Lord, that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame :
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust ;
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now

3 Now from the high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres ;
He bids the shining orbs rolls on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
'Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again !

5 Yet when the found shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below ;
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

CXXVII. The Lord's Day : Or, Delight in Ordinances.

1. **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My

- 4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

CXXXVIII. God's Eternity

- 1 **R**ISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad ;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
Jebovab fill'd his throne ;
Or *Adam* form'd, or angels made,
The maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past ;
He fills his own immortal **N O W**,
And see our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come !
The creatures, look how old they grow !
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well,

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies ;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

CXXIX. The Offices of Christ,

1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word,
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our high-priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted king ;
How sweet are his commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his Almighty hands.

4 *Hosanna* to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways ;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

CXXX. Celestial Aid invoked for the Propagation of the Gospel.

1 **J**ESUS, by all in heav'n ador'd,
Glorious Jehovah, source of light ;
Whose

Whose sov'rain, all-producing word
 Could forth the day from darkest night ;
 Now propagate the gospel-sound,
 To the benighted world around.

2 Shine forth, thou sun of righteousness,
 In ev'ry land, thy beams display ;
 With light divine, the nations bless,
 And mists, and darkness chase away :
 Each drowsy, thoughtless soul alarm,
 And shew the world thy saving arm.

3 O send the blessed tidings forth,
 On swiftest pinions may they fly,
 From east to west, from south to north,
 To ev'ry kingdom far and nigh.
 O let them travel with the sun,
 And round the globe with mercy run.

4 Soften the hearts of harden'd Jews ;
 Pity the gentiles dark and blind ;
 Send forth thy heralds with the news
 Of grace and love, to all mankind.
 Give them a trumpet's voice, O Lord,
 Wherewith to sound thy gospel-word.

5 Hasten the much desired day,
 When knowledge shall the earth o'erflow,
 As waters do the spacious sea ;
 And all the Lord their God shall know :
 Then shout ye isles—his grate proclaim,
 And sing the great Redeemer's name.

CXXXI. Praise the Redeemer.

1 **M**Y soul, let all thy nobler pow'rs
In harmony combine ;
Awake, and sing my Saviour's love,
So matchless, so divine.

2 Let all within me bless and praise,
My high-exalted king ;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can forbear to sing ?

3 Holy and rev'rend is his name,
How glorious and how sweet !
All greatness and all goodness too,
In our Redeemer meet.

4 The spotless Lamb resolves to fall
A bloody sacrifice,
To rescue rebels doom'd to death,
The prince of glory dies !

5 So, conqu'ring sin, and death, and hell,
Arose, and left the grave ;
And to the highest heav'n ascends,
Completely there to save.

6 Thence in due-time, he will return,
With a celestial train
Of saints and angels, and amidst
Those shining troops shall reign.

CXXXII.

CXXXII. The Brazen Serpent.

1 **W**HEN *Israel's* grieving tribes complain'd,
 With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
 A serpent strait the prophet made
 Of molten brass, to view display'd.

2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
 To heav'n their mournful sighs ascend;
 They hope, they look, while from the pole,
 Descends a pow'r that makes them whole.

3 But, O, what healing to the heart,
 Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
 What life, by faith, our souls receive!
 What *pleasures* do *his sorrows* give!

4 Still may I view the bloody cross;
 And other objects count but loss:
 Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,
 And see, with joy, the sacrifice.

5 *Jesus* the Saviour! balmy name!
 Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
 By thy atoning blood set free,
 My life, my hope, is all from thee.

CXXXIII. With his Stripes we
are healed. Isa. liii. 5. 1 Pet.
ii. 24.

1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, how divine,
How wond'rous is thy love !
The subject of th' eternal songs
Of happy souls above.

2 Join in the sacred harmony,
Ye happy saints below ;
And praise the Lamb who on the tree,
His sacred head did bow.

3 He left his crown, he left his throne,
By his great Father's side ;
Wore thorns, sustain'd a heavy cross,
Was scourg'd and crucify'd.

4 his was the torment, his the curse,
Tho' all tho guilt was ours :
To cleanse us from our vilest sins,
His vital blood he pours.

5 Behold, how ev'ry wound of his,
A precious balm distils ;
Which heals the hurts that sin hath caus'd,
With joy the sinner fills.

6 We see thy great salvation Lord,
By faith, with great delight :

O how

O how refin'd the joys will be,
When faith is turn'd to sight !

CXXXIV. Christ's Humiliation and Glory.

1 **L**ET all who love the Saviour's name,
The Saviour, full of truth and grace ;
In songs of triumph spread his fame,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry place.

2 He kindly laid aside his crown,
And robes of awful majesty ;
And came to take a servant's form,
To bear our sins, and for us die.

3 By dying Jesus pluck'd the sting
Of death—and rising from the grave,
He triumph'd o'er the mighty king
Of terrors, as his captive slave.

4 Then to his heav'nly throne arose,
Whence he'll descend again to be
Throughout the world ador'd and prais'd
By ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry knee.

5 All glory to his sacred name ;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise ;
And heav'n, and earth aloud proclaim
His sov'reign, saving, boundless grace.

CXXXV. Praise for Redemption.

1 **Y**E saints, prepare a noble song,
Of praise to your Redeemer's name ;
Rise ev'ry heart, wake ev'ry tongue,
And all his wondrous love proclaim.

2 Shout all ye heav'n-born sons of light,
With angel-hosts above conspire,
To praise that wisdom, grace and might,
That sav'd you from eternal fire.

3 He caught us from the lion's paws,
(In which by nature, all men are ;)
He pluck'd us from the yawning jaws
Of hell,—the dungeon of despair.

4 Children of wrath and hell were we,
But now are made the heirs of heav'n :
Hosanna to our Jesus be,
By whom our sins are all forgiv'n.

5 Our songs are here on earth begun,
But louder shall in heav'n resound ;
While ages infinite roll on,
And Jesus reigns in glory crown'd.

6 Eternity ! how vast it is !
Bright as the sun we then shall shine :
There shall we bask in beams of bliss,
And fill'd with raptures all divine.

CXXXVI.

CXXXVI. Christ's Intercession.

- 1 **A** RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake-off thy guilty fears ;
My bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne, my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on *Calvary*;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
And strongly plead for me.
" *Forgive him, O ! forgive,*" they cry,
" *Nor let the ransom'd sinner die.*"
- 3 The Father hears him pray ;
His dear anointed one ;
He cannot turn away
The pleadings of his Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 I now am reconcil'd ;
My Father's voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I need no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And *father, abba father*, cry.

CXXXVII. At the Parting of Christian Friends.

1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That would not let us part ;
Altho' our bodies sep'rate move,
Still we are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in *Jesus*' footsteps tread,
And do *his* work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
Like *Jesus* crucify'd.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Till all his fulness we receive,
And see him face to face.

5 While thus we walk with *Christ* in light,
Who shall our souls disjoin ?
Souls, which himself did firm unite,
In fellowship divine.

6 We all are one who him receive,
And each to each agree :
In him the ONE, the TRUTH we live,
Blest point of unity !

7 Partakers

7 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart ;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death shall part,

8 O let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CXXXVIII The Christian's Portion

1 **H**OW great the christian's portion is !
What endless joys, what worlds of bliss,
The Lord for them prepares !
Their boundless treasures who can know ?
For all above, and all below,
And GOD in CHRIST, is theirs.

2 There's nothing round the heav'nly throne,
But what the saints may call their own,
And at their pleasure use ;
The angels who excel in praise,
Attend and guard them in their ways,
Lest they their feet should bruise.

3 The hand of God supplies their wants,
And supercedes their deep complaints,
With mercies still renew'd :
Tho' they are hurry'd up and down,
And thro' a sea of troubles run,
Yet all things work for good.

4 *Jesus*, and all in him is theirs :
 They are adopted sons and heirs
 Of God, thro' grace divine :
Jesus has wash'd them in his blood,
 And with his grace, their souls endow'd :
 They in his image shine.

5 Why talk we now of earthly things,
 The wealth of empires, crowns of kings ?
 Or aught below the skies ?
 Can crowns or sceptres be compar'd
 With that exceeding great reward,
 On which we fix our eyes ?

6 God is our own, the God of love,
 And endless stores in heav'n above ;
 What can we covet more ?
 Possess'd of this, what can we want ?
 Away all carnal discontent !
 We have an endless store.

CXXXIX. *Jesus* admired by his Saints.

1 **B**RETHREN, what is your desire ?
 After what do you aspire ?
 Where do all your labours tend ?
 To proclaim the sinner's friend ?

2 *Jesus*, full of truth and grace :
Jesus, author of our peace :

Who

Who has bought us with the price
Of his bloody sacrifice :

3 *Jesus'* love is ever new,
Who can give him praises due ?
Gladly shall our tongues proclaim
Jesus' lovely, glorious name.

4 Here alone our hopes are built :
He alone has borne our guilt :
He alone our debt hath paid :
He hath suffer'd in our stead.

5 Brethren, let us never cease,
To declare this news of peace :
Never let us hold our breath ;
Faithful, servant, unto death.

6 But the Saviour doth excel,
All that we, of him can tell ;
Yet our praise shall never cease
Here, or in the realms of bliss.

CXL. Redemption and protection by Christ

1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God :
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell ;

And

And fix'd my standing more secure
That 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd ;
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blest abode ;
Is wall'd around with grace :
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions rear ;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud Hallelujah shall address
My Saviour and my king.

CXLI. Wondrous Grace.

1 **H**OW shall I praise that love divine,
Which manifest in Jesus is ?
Who bore my curse and all my sin,
To bring me to eternal bliss ;

2 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal chains :

He

He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

3 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !
Stand in amaze ye earth and skies :
Jesus my God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross, for me, and dies !

4 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Drest in divinity and blood ?
Were ever *rebels* courted so,
In groans of an expiring God ?

5 And now he lives and spreads his hands,
Those hands that did such smart sustain ;
And now my advocate he stands,
Pleading his wounds, his death, and pain.

6 Glory to thee, eternal king,
By all the sons of men be giv'n
Thy grace, thy matchless grace we sing,
While angels sound thy praise in heav'n.

CXLII. Psalm. ciii.

1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and praise my God
Let all within me shout aloud
Of his victorious grace :
He freely pardons all my sin,
Relieves my wants, and makes me clean.
And heals my sore disease.

My

2 My life he rescues by his death ;
He saves me from eternal wrath :

I am with mercies crown'd.
My mouth he satisfies with good ;
My youth and vigour are renew'd
Like *Eagles* strong and sound.

3 *Jesus* hath put my sins away,
Far as the west from rising day,
And set my spirit free ;
High as the heav'ns are fix'd above,
So great is my Redeemer's love ;
So great his love to *me*,

4 When heav'n, and earth, and time are gone,
The love of God in Christ his Son,
To endless ages stands ;
To those that cordially embrace
The cov'nant of his gospel-grace,
And follow his commands.

5 Let all his works in ev'ry place,
Set forth the great *Jehovah's* praise,
Who form'd them by his word :
And thou, my soul, his name adore ;
And magnify for evermore,
Thy Saviour and thy Lord.

CXLIII. Resolving to serve the Lord.

- 1 **T**HY service, Lord, is my delight ;
I would be spent and spend for thee :
Thou art my wisdom and my might ;
O glorify thy name in me.
- 2 The light which thou to me hast giv'n,
Shall, by thy grace, break forth and shine ;
I'll point to men the road to heav'n,
And shew the pow'r of love divine.
- 3 My life, my strength, my heart, my tongue,
My soul, my flesh to thee I give :
All these to thee of right belong,
O let me to thy glory live !

CXLIV. A State of Nature and Grace.

- 1 **H**OW gracious is the Lord my God !
What tender pity has he shew'd
To such a wretch as I !
How shall I shew forth all his praise,
Or speak of that amazing grace
That mov'd my Lord to die ?
- 2 Foolish, perverse, and prone to ill,
Rooted in vice, and bent for hell,
M I walk'd

I walk'd in my own ways :
His terrors gave me no concern,
And tho' his bowels still did yearn,
I fought against his grace.

3 But *Jesus* look'd and long'd to save,
An heir of death, a willing slave
To ev'ry ill desire :
He saw me weltring in my blood ;
He dy'd to bring me near to God ;
He pluck'd me from hell fire.

4 He broke my chains, and set me free ;
Lord I come forth, and follow thee,
Cloath'd in thy righteousness :
Blest with the life, and pow'r of faith,
I triumph over sin and death,
By all-sufficient grace.

5 All blessings to me freely flow,
Of heav'n above, or earth below ;
O God of love, from thee !
He gives me all that I desire ;
His time of love doth ne'er expire ;
But lasts eternally.

CXLV. Christ our only Happiness.

1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Array'd in majesty and blood ;

Thou

Thou art my life : my soul, in thee,
Enjoys a full felicity.

2 All my immortal hopes are laid
On thee, my surety, and my head ;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy crown,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Let *Atheists* scoff, and *Jews* blaspheme
Eternal life in *Jesus* name ;
A word of his Almighty breath,
Dooms the rebellious worms to death.

4 By let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

CXLVI. Glorify him that hath called you, &c.

1 **B**LESSED be thy name, my Lord, my God,
For thy amazing grace to me !
What loving kindness hast thou show'd !
My eyes thy great salvation see.

2 Bury'd in all the filth of sin,
Wrapt in the veil of nature's night,
I lay, till thou didst enter in,
And turn'd my darkness into light:

3 In the dark dungeon of my soul,
Thou didst create a heavenly ray ;

Away the clouds and shadows roll,
And, now appears the gospel-day.

4 And shall not I thy light make known ?
And tell thy grace and love abroad ?
Tho' all around me sneer and frown,
I would proclaim my gracious God.

5 Shall I the lighted candle put
Beneath a bushel or a bed ?
Thy talents slight and under foot,
The graces of thy spirit tread ?

6 How would the prince of darkness boast,
If I thy precious gifts should hide !
While souls for want of knowledge, lost,
Perish by heaps on ev'ry side !

7 Assist me, God of love, to tell
The greatness of my Saviour's grace ;
And while below the skies I dwell,
Let all my pow'rs proclaim thy praise.

CXLVII. A living and dead Faith.

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust !

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead :

None

None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that charges all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail,
In the decisive hour.

CXLVIII. The inward Witness of Christianity, 1 John. v. 10.

1 **Q**UESTIONS and doubts be heard no more;
Let Christ and joy be all our theme:
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,
To ev'ry soul that trusts in him.

2 *Jesus*, thy witness speaks within,
The mercy which thy words reveal;
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps it's own celestial seal.

3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blasphemers now no more withstand,
But bow and own the gospel true.

4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross:

The sinful soul, averſe to God,
Believes, and love his maker's laws.

5 Learning and wit may ceaſe their ſtrife,
When miracles with glory ſhine ;
The voice that calls the dead to life,
Muſt be almighty and divine.

CXLIX. The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked. Pſal. i.

1 **B**LEST is the man who ſhuns the place
Where, ſinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways
And hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2 But in the ſtatutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads, or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

[3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profeſſion ſhine :
While fruits of holineſs appear,
Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not

5 Not so the impious and unjust :
What vain desires they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand,
Amongst the sons of grace ;
When Christ the judge, at his right-hand,
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread ;
His heart approves it well :
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

CL. God our Defence. Psal. iii.

1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears !
How fast my foes increase !
Conspiring my eternal death ;
How oft they break my peace !

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n :
And all my swelling sins appear,
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength
Shalt on the tempter tread :
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt
And raise my drooping head.

4 What

4 What tho' the hosts of death and hell;
All arm'd against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

5 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

CLII, God our Portion and Hope. Psal. iv. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7.

1 **O** God of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the hosts of men beside:
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of *Christ* that dy'd.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness;
We put our trust in God alone;
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let

5 Let the unthinking many say,
 " Who shall bestow some earthly good?"
 But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
 Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall our chearful pow'rs rejoice,
 At grace and favour so divine;
 Nor will we change our happy choice,
 For all their corn, and all their wine.

CLII. For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high:
 To thee will I direct my pray'r,
 To thee lift up my eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints;
 Presenting at his Father's throne,
 Our songs, and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose eyes,
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right-hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there:
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

CLIII. The Sovereignty and Condescension of God. Psal. viii.

1 **O** Lord, our heav'nly king,
 Thy name is all divine;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high,
 I raise my wond'ring eyes,
 And see the moon complete in light,
 Adorn the darksome skies.

3 When I survey the stars,
 And all their shining forms,
 Lord, what is man! that worthless thing!
 A-kine to dust and worms!

4 Lord what is worthless man,
 That thou shouldst love him so!
 Next to thy angels he is plac'd,
 And Lord of all below.

5 Thy honours crown his head,
 While beasts, like slaves, obey;
 And birds that cut the air with wings,
 And fish that cleave the sea,

6 How rich thy bounties are !
How wondrous are thy ways !
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame,
A monument of praise.

7 Out of the mouths of babes,
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine :
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

CLIV. Christ's Condescension and Glorification.

1 **O** Lord, our God, how wondrous great
Is thy exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night ;
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
That thou shouldst love him so !

4 That

4 That thy beloved Son should bear
To take a mortal-form ;
Made lower than the angels are
To save a dying worm !

5 Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death ;
And be his honours founded high,
By all things that have breath.

6 *Jesus*, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thy exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

CLV. The Characters of a Saint.

1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell,
So near the throne of grace ?

2 The man that trusts in *Jesus*' name,
The Lord our righteousness :
Who gave his life to rescue him,
And bring his soul to peace :

3 Who loves the Lord, that dy'd to save,
His sinking soul from hell ;
And to his Saviour's glory lives,
And minds his statutes well.

4 The

4 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.

5 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Or do his neighbour wrong.

6 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.

7 His hand disdains a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor.
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure,

CLVI. Nature and Scripture ; Or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel. Psal. xix.

1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess ;

N

But

But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began it's race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till thro' the world, thy truth has run ;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great *Sun of Righteousness*, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n :
Lord I believe thy gospel true,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

CLVII. Looking to God.

1 **I** Lift to God, my heart
My trust is in his name :
Let not my foes that seek my hurt,
E'er triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell,
Persuade me to despair ;

Lord

Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I 'scape the snare.

3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper years,
And follies of my youth.

4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn his ways ;
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

5 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame ;
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

CLVIII. Confession and Pardon. Psalm. xxxii.

1 **O** Blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;

'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners seek the Lord,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is in the Lord alone.

CLIX. Let all Nations praise the Lord.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till sun shall rise and set no more.

CLX. The Qualifications of a Christian.

1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that trusts in *Jesus* now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean

No

No slanders dwell upon his tongue :
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

(3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt ;
Sinners of state he can despise
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.)

(4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good :
Nor dares to change the things he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.)

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold :
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those curse him to his face :
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope, or wish, from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on Christ alone :
This is the man thy face shall see
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

CLXI. Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah is my song,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high :
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 The streams of endless pleasure flow :
And full discov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

CLXII. Support and Counsel from God, without Merit. Psal. xvi. 1, 8.

1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe,
In thee my trust I place ;

Tho'

Tho' all the good that I can do,
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't,
The saints the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast,
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food
He fills my daily cup :
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light :
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve,
To his all seeing eye ;
Nor death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

CLXIII. The Book of Nature and Scripture.

1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky,
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high,
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light,
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land,
Their gen'ral voice is known :
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye british lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord,

5 His statutes and commands,
Are set before our eyes ;
He put his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great,

(7 Not

(7 Not honey to the taste,
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim ;
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my redeemer's name.)

CLXIV. God our Shepherd.

1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd ;
His providence and holy word,
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace ;
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are ;
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amidst

5 Amidst the darkness, and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort and my stay :
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy road directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see thy table spread so well,
With living bread, and chearing wine.

7 How I rejoice when on my head,
Thy spirit condescends to rest ;
'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast !

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord,
Attend his household all their days :
There will I dwell to hear his word.
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

CLXV. Self Examination, or, Evidences of Grace.

1 **G**UIDE me, O Lord, and prove my ways
And try my reigns, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite,
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

Amongst

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
 With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
 But when I stand before thy bar.
 The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation Lord,
 The temple where thy honours dwell,
 There shall I hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonders tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last,
 With men of treachery and blood,
 Since I my days on earth have past
 Among the saints and near my God.

CLXVI. The Church is our De- light and Safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;
 O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.

3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love
 And there enquire thy will.

4 When

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory ;
Within thy temple sound.

CLXVII. Free Pardon and sincere Obedience.

1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God,
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean !

2 Happy, beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lyes,
His words are full sincere :
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then

5 Then I confess'd my troubl'd thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd ;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

CLXVIII. Repentance and free Pardon.

1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord,
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guilt his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace,
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

CXXIX. Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
 Who haste to seek some idol God ;
 I will not taste their sacrifice,
 Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
 And nobler food to live upon ;
 He for my life has offer'd up,
 Jesus his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
 By day his counsels guide me right ;
 And be his name for ever blest,
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
 At my right hand he stands prepar'd,
 To keep my soul from all surprize,
 And be my everlasting guard.

CLXX. The Perfection and Providence of God.

1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For

- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share,
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall bed with sweet repast,
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life like a fountain rich and free,
Spring from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

CLXXI. The Vanity of Man as Mortal. Psal. xxxix.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move ;
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust !
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

CLXXII. A Song of Deliverance from great Distress. Psalm. xl.

1 **I** Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry ;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my chearful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad
The saints with joy shall hear ;
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love ?
Thy mercies Lord how great ?
We have not words nor heart enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

CLXXIII. The Glory of Christ
and Power of his Gospel. Psal.
xlv. 1, &c.

1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour-King.

Jefus, the Lord; how heav'nly fair,
His form ! How bright his beauties are !

- 2 O'er all the fons of human race,
He fhines, with a fuperior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleffings all his ftate compofe.
- 3 Drefs thee in arms, moft mighty Lord,
Gird on the terrors of thy fword,
In majefty and glory ride,
With truth and meeknefs at thy fide.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of ftubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy kind and fweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ftands,
Grace is the fceptre in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are juft and right,
Juftice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly fhed
His oil of gladnefs on thy head,
And with his f acred Spirit bleft,
His firft born Son above the reft.

CLXXIV. Chrift and his Church; Or, the miftical Marriage.

- 1 **T**HE king of faints, how fair his face !
Adorn'd with majefty and grace,

He

He comes with blessings from above ;
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heav'nly dress ;
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own ;
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd ;
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons, (a numerous train,)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread :
While we with chearful songs approve,
The condescensions of thy love.

CLXXV, Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O For a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sov'reign king

Let

Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God, ascends on high ;
His heav'nly guards around :

Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound:

3 While angels shout and praise their king,
Let mortals learn their strains :

Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearfe his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song :

Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In *Israel* stood his antient throne ;
He lov'd that chosen race :

But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his gtace.

CLXXVI. God's Care of his Saints. Psalm. xxxiv.

1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days ;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue ;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me :
Come, let us all exalt his name :

I fought

I fought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief ;
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine :
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord :
O fear and love him all ye saints,
Think of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain,
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood :
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Or want supplies of real good.

CLXXVII. Prudence and Zeal.

Psalm. xxxix. 1, 2. 3.

1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
Now will I watch my tongue ;
Left I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives prophane ;

I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak,
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd ;
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God.

CLXXVIII. The Beauty of the Church ; Or, Gospel-Worship and Order. Psalm. xlviii. 10, 14.

1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise :
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill ;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around,
The city where we dwell ;

Compass

Compass and view thy holy ground;
And mark the building well :

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court ;
The chearful songs, the solemn vows ;
And make a fair report.

5 How decent, and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God, while here below
And ours above the sky.

CLXXIX. The last Judgment. Psalm l.

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the *south* nations and awakes the *north* :
From *east* to *west*, the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant world's, and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds ; bell trembles ; heav'n rejoices :
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

2 No more shall *Atheists* mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more : Behold the day !
Behold the-judge descends ! his guards are nigh !
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky !

When

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him :
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 " Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near : let all things
come

" To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom ;
" But gather first my saints," (the judge commands)
" Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
*When Christ returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful passion :
And shout, ye saints ! he comes for your salvation.*

4 " Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good ;
" Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
" And sign'd with all their names, (the Greek, the
Jew,) " That paid, the antient worship, or the new."
*There's no distinction here, join ALL your voices ;
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.*

5 " Here (saith ye Lord) the angels spread their
Thrones ;
" And near me seat my favourites and my sons.
" Come my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
" E're time began, 'tis your divine reward."
*When CHRIST returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
And shout ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

P A U S E the F I R S T.

6 " I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God :
" I am the Judge ; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My just, eternal sentence, and declare
" Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear "
When

*When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him :
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

- 7 “ Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and prophane;
“ Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat’nings vain
“ Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint’s attire ;
“ I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.”

*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heav’n rejoices :
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

- 8 “ Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
“ Do I condemn thee : Bulls and goats are vain
“ Without the flame of love : In vain the store
“ Of brutal off’rings that were mine before.”

*Earth is the Lord’s ; all nature shall adore him :
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

- 9 “ If I were hungry, would I ask the food ?
“ When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood ?
“ Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed ;
“ Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
“ feed.”

*All is the Lord’s ; he rules the wide creation ;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

- 10 “ Can I be flatter’d with thy cringing bows ?
“ Thy solemn chatt’rings, and fantastic vows ?
“ Are my eyes charm’d thy vestments to behold,
“ Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ? ”

*God is the judge of hearts : No fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

PAUSE the SECOND.

11 " Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to please

" A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ?

" While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,

" Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong."

Judgments proceeds ; hell trembles ; heaven rejoices ;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

12 " In vain to pious forms, thy zeal pretends ;

" Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends :

" While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,

" His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."

God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises,

Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 " Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love :

" But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?

" And cherish such an impious thought within,

" That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?"

See God appears ; all nations join t' adore him ;

Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,

" And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

" Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear

" Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."

Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

EPI-

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise :
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise :
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
 amend ;
 Fly to the Saviour ; make the Judge your friend.
*Then join, ye saints, 'awake ev'ry chearful passion :
 When Christ returns, becomes for your salvation.*

CLXXX. Praise for Protection,
 Grace and Truth. Psalm. lvii.

1. **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2. Up to the heav'ns I send my cry ;
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
 He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3. Be thou exalted O my God,
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell :
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

4. My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name :
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise :
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth, his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky :
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell :
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

CLXXXI. Safety in God. Psal.
lxi. 1, 6.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head ;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

**CLXXXII. God the only Object
of Faith. Psalm lxii. 5, 12.**

- 1 **M**Y Spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face :
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid,
- 3 False are the men of high degree ;
The baser sort are vanity :
Laid in the balance, both appear,
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust ;
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust :
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd ;
Once and again, my ears have heard,
" All pow'r is his eternal due ;
" He must be lov'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone ;
Grace is the partner of his throne ;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

CLXXXIII. Grace tried by
Afflictions. Psalm lxvi. (*First
Part.*)

1 **S**ING all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise ;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2 say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
" How terrible art thou !
" Sinners before thy presence fly,
" Or at thy feet they bow."

[3 Come, see the wonders of our God ;
How glorious are his ways !
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While *Israel* pass'd the flood ;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

5 He rules by his resistless might :
Will rebel-mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
Or tempt that dreadful war ?]

6 O bless our God, and never cease ;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise :

He

He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine :
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

8 Thro' watry deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command :
Led to possess the promis'd place
By thy unerring hand.

CLXXXIV. Praise to God for
hearing Prayers. Psalm lxvi.
13, 20.

1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty pow'r
That heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips, and chearful heart, prepare
To make his mercies known :
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid :
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue;
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free; .
Nor turn'd from him my poor request
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

CXXXV. God our Portion here
and hereafter. Psalm lxxiii.
23, 28.

1 **G**OD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thy arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderness:
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;

God

God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die :
Not all the idle-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

CLXXXVI. The Pleasures of public Worship. Psalm lxxxiv.
(First Part.)

1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit fairs,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

3 My flesh would rest in thy abode,
My panting heart cries out for God,
My God, my king, why should I be,
So far from all my joys, and thee ?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest ;
And for her young, provides her nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant,
The pleasures which his children want.

4 Blest

- 4 Blest are the souls who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are souls that find a place,
Within the temple of thy grace,
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion's* gate ;
God is their strength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

CLXXXVII. God and his Church:-
Or, Grace and Glory. Psalm.
lxxxiv. (*Second Part.*)

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while *Zion* sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,

Not

Not tents of ease, or thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day :
God is our shield, he guards our way,
From all th' assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too !
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls,
- 5 O God, our king, whose sov'reign sway,
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

CLXXXVIII. Delight. in Ordi-
nances. Psal. lxxxiv.

1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 *There* the great monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays :
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts, the heav'nly *Dove*,
Descends and fills the place ;

Where

Where Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 *There*, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will :
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

5 To sit one day beneath thy eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

6 Lord, while my Saviour is within,
I at thy door would wait,
Rather than dwell in tents of sin,
Or fill a throne of state.

7 Could I command the spacious land,
Or the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

CLXXXIX. A general Song of
Praise to God. Psalm. lxxxv.
8, 13.

1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring⁴⁶
 Their off'rings round thy throne :
 For thou alone dost wondrous things ;
 For thou art God alone.

3 Lord I would walk with holy feet ;
 Teach me thy heav'nly ways ;
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
 In God, my father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the gates of hell,

CXC. Man frail, and God eter- nal. Psalm xc. 1, 5.

1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thy arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return ye sons of men,"

All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

**CXCI. The Frailty and short-
ness of Life, Psal. xc. 5, 10,
12.**

1 **L**ORD what a feeble piece,
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay ;

Just

Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their *end* in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

CXCII. For the Lord's-Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares should seize my breast :
O may my heart in tune be found ;
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word :
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

4 But O, what triumphs shall I raise
To thy dear name thro' endless days !

When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity !

5 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eys and ears no more :
My inward foes shall all be slain ;
Nor satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

CXCIII. Saints protected by the
Power of God. Psalm. xci. 9,
10.

1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague be nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways ;
To watch your pillows while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones ;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat,
He that hath broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them," (saith the Lord ;)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.

7 " My grace shall answer when they call ;
" In trouble I'll be nigh :
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die."

8 Those that on earth my name have known,
I'll honour them in heav'n :
There my salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be giv'n.

CXCIV. The Church the Gar-
den of God. Psalm. xcii. 12,
&c..

1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand :

Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young *Cedar* fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thy influence from above :
Not Lebanon, with all it's trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live :
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time that all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy just and true.
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

CXC. Christ the Sovereign and Judge. Psal. xcvi. 1, 5.

1 **H**E reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown :
But grace and truth support his throne :
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment lo, he comes ;
Shakes the whole earth, and cleaves the tombs
Before

Before him burns devouring fire ;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

CXCVI. Grace and Glory. Psalm. xcvi. 9, &c.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky :
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is his mercy seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all his friends
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
For those that trust the Lord are sown :
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord :
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

CXCVII.

CXCVII. Praise for the Gospel. Psalm. xcvi. 1, &c.

1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addrest :
His great salvation shines abroad
And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abr'am first ;
His truth fulfils the grace :
The gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all their diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

CXCVIII. The Messiah's coming and Kingdom. Psal. xcvi. 5, &c.

1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her king :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And God the Saviour sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their tongues employ ;

While

While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace ;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

CXCIX. Christ's Kingdom and Majesty. Psalm. xcix. 1, &c.

1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns
Let all the nations fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 *Jesus*, the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore it's Lord :
Bright Cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In *Zion* is his throne,
His honours are divine :
His church shall make his wonders known
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name !
How terrible his praise !

Justice

Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

CC. Praise to our Creator. Psalm. c.

1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice,
Before the Lord, your sov'reign king ;
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God : 'Tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give :
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace his mercy sure :
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

CCI. Another.

1 **S**ING to the Lord, with joyful voice ;
Let ev'ry land his name adore :
The *british* isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean, to the shore.

2. Nations

- 2 Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
And when, like wandring sheep we stray'd
He brought us to the fold again.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker to thy name ?
- 5 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise :
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise :
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast as eternity thy love !
Firm as a rock, thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CCII. The Truth of Christianity. inwardly witnessed. 1 John v.

IO

- 1 **W**ITNESS ye saints, that Christ is true,
Tell how his name imparts

The

The life of grace and glory too ;
Ye have it in your hearts.

2 The heav'nly building is begun,
When we receive the Lord :
His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
And well perform his word.

3 Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules ;
Your joys and graces shine :
You need no learning of the schools
To prove your faith divine.

4 Let *heathens* scoff, and *jews* oppose,
Let *satan's* bolts be hurl'd :
There's something wrought within you shews
That *Jesus* saves the world.

CCIII. Sins and Sorrows spread before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4

1 O That I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise
What sorrows I sustain :
How joy decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.

3 I'd say " how flesh and sense rebel ;
" What inward foes combine

" With

“ With the vain world, and pow’rs of hell,
“ To vex this soul of mine.”

4 He knows what arguments I’d take,
To wrestle with my God :
I’d plead for his own mercies’ sake,
And for my Saviour’s blood.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones :
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish ev’ry fear :
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

CCIV. A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven. Mark x. 21.

1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeless to salvation prove ?
Can hell demand, or heav’n condemn
The man whom *Jesus* deigns to love ?

2 The man who fought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due !
(A modest, sober, lovely, youth,)
And thought he wanted nothing now.

3 But mark the change ! Thus spake the Lord,
“ Come, part with earth for heav’n to-day.”

R

The

The youth astonish'd at the word,
In silent sadness, went his way.

4 Poor virtues ! that he boasted so ;
This test unable to endure :
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money sure.

5 Ah, foolish choice of treasure here !
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold !
Must this base world be bought so dear ?
And life and heav'n so cheaply sold ?

6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
If this vile passion governs me :
Transform my soul, O love divine
And make me part with all for thee !

CCV. The same.

1 **T**HUS far 'tis well ; you read, you pray,
You hear God's holy word :
You hearken what your parents say,
And learn to serve the Lord.

2 Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
Your practice they approve :
Jesus himself would give you praise,
And look with eyes of love.

3 But if you quit the paths of truth
To follow foolish fires

And

And give a loofe to giddy youth,
With all it's wild defires ;

4 If you will let your Saviour go,
To hold your riches faft ;
Or hunt for empty joys below,
You'll lofe your heav'n at laft.

5 The rich young man whom Jefus lov'd,
Should teach you to forbear :
His love of earthly pleasures prov'd
A fatal golden fnare.

6 See, gracious God, dear Saviour fee,
How youths reject thy call !
Teach them to part with all for thee,
And love thee more than all.

CCVI. The hidden Life of a Christian. Col. iii. 4.

1 **O** Happy foul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here !
His hopes are fix'd above the fky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His confcience knows no fecret flings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life whose holy fprings
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in fecret on his God ;
His God in fecret fees :

R 2

Let

Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time :
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp, or royal crown,
To raise his figure here :
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
'Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day ;
When Christ his promise shall fulfil,
And call his soul away.

CCVII. Nearness to God the Felicity of Creatures. Psalm. lxxv. 4.

1 **A**RE those the happy persons here,
Who dwell the nearest to their God ?
Has God invited sinners near,
And Jesus bought them with his blood.

2 Go then, my soul, address the Son,
To lead thee near his Father's face :
Gaze on his glories, yet unknown,
And taste the blessings of his grace.

3 Vain.

3 Vain, vexing world, and flesh and sense,
Retire, while I approach my God ;
Nor let my sins divide me thence ;
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4 While to thy arms, my God, I press,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my soul from thy embrace,
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

CCVIII. The Scale of Blessed- ness.

1 **A**SCEND my thoughts, by just degrees,
Let contemplation rove,
O'er all the rising ranks of bliss,
Here, and in worlds above.

2 Blest is the *nation near to God*,
Where he makes known his ways ;
Blest are the *men* whose feet have trod
The lower courts of grace.

3 Blest were the *Lewite*, and the *Priest*,
Who near his altar stood ;
Blest are the *souls from sin releas'd*,
And reconcil'd with blood.

4 Blest are the *souls dismiss'd from clay* ;
Before his face they stand :
Blest *angels*, in their bright array
Attend his great command.

5 *Jesus* is more divinely blest,
Where man to *Godhead* join'd,
Hath joys transcending all the rest,
More noble, more refin'd.

6 But O! what words, or thoughts can trace
The blessed THREE IN ONE?
Here rest my spirit, and confess
The INFINITE UNKNOWN.

CCIX. Appearance before God here and hereafter. Psalm. xlii.

2

1 **W**HILE I am banish'd from thy house,
I mourn in secret, Lord :
“ When shall I come and pay my vows,
“ And hear thy holy word ?”

2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my soul should groan ;
“ When shall I wing my heav'nly way,
“ And stand before thy throne ?”

3 I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace :
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

4 I love to worship at his feet,
Tho' sin attack me there :

But

But faints exalted near his feat,
Have no assaults to fear.

5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his courts,
And taste his heav'nly love :
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.

6 He shines, and gives my soul delight,
And takes away my pain :
When shall I see the realms of light,
And with my Saviour reign ?

CCX. A rational Defence of the Gospel. Rom. i. 16.

1 **S**HALL *Atheists* dare t' insult the cross
Of our Redeemer-God ?
Shall *Infidels* reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood ?

2 What if he chuse mysterious ways
To take away our faults ?
May not the works of sov'reign grace,
Transcend *our* feeble thoughts ?

3 What if his gospel bid us fight
With flesh, and sense and sin ?
The prize is most divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the foolish and the poor,
His glorious grace partake ?

This

This but confirms his truth the more ;
For so the prophets spake.

5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge themselves in sin ?
Jesus shall never bear the blame ;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong ;
Our lips profess his word :
Nor blush, nor fear, to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

CCXI The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation. Rom. i. 16

1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe ?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind.

2 How shall we get our sins forgiv'n ?
Or form our natures meet for heav'n ?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs or passions clean ?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh :
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope
This bears our fainting spirits up :

We

We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain;
I'll meet the scandal and the shame;
And sing and triumph in his name.

CCXII. None excluded from Hope.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak :
Thy grace can melt the stubborn *Jew*
And heal the dying *Greek*.

2 Wide as the reach of *satan's* rage,
Doth thy salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take his share :
No mortal hath a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs ;

But

But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come ;
He'll form your souls anew :
His gospel, and his heart, have room
For rebels such as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love ;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

CCXIII. Truth and Sincerity

1 **L**ET those who bear the christian name,
Their holy vows fulfil ;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they swear :
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips, their hearts agree ;
Nor flatt'ring words devise :
They know the God of truth can see,
Thro' ev'ry false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears :

Firm

Firm to the truth : and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs,

5 Lo from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down :
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While *satan* trembles at the sight
And devils wish to die :
Where will the faithless hypocrite,
And guilty liar fly ?

CCXIV. Motives to Fidelity.

1 **H**ATH God been faithful to his word,
And sent to men the promis'd grace ?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practise what my lips profess ?

2 Hath Christ fulfill'd his kind design ?
The dreadful work he undertook ?
And dy'd to make salvation mine ?
And well perform'd the word he spoke.

3 Doth not his faithfulness afford,
A noble theme to raise my song ?
And shall I dare deny my Lord ?
Or utter falsehood with my tongue ?

4 My king, my Saviour, and my God,
The fulness of thy grace I view ;

Wash

Wash my offences in thy blood,
And make my soul sincere and true.

CCXV. Gravity and Decency

- 1 **A**RE we not sons and heirs of God ?
Are we not bought with Jesus' blood ?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys ?
And can we stoop to trifling toys ;
- 2 Can laughter fill th' immortal mind ?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day ?
- 3 Does vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of our birth ?
Shall we be fond of gay attire.
Which children love, and fools admire ?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest ?
Peacocks and flies are better drest.
This flesh, with all it's gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts, and passions higher !
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire !
Then with an elevated eye.
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below,
With such disdain as angels do :

And

And wait the call that bids us rise,
To promis'd mansions in the skies.

CCXVI. Justice and Equity.

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways, and try,
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done still the same ?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name ?
- 3 Do we relieve the poor distress'd ?
Nor give our tongues a loose,
To make their names our scorn and jest.
Nor treat them with abuse ?
- 4 Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise ?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly malicious ways ?
- 5 In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is justice our design ?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine ?
- 6 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast his name in vain.

If we can flight the laws of God
And prove unjust to men.

CCXVII. Temperance.

- 1 **I**S it a man's divinest good,
To make his soul a slave to food?
Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies?
- 2 Can meats, or choicest wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure?
Was I not born above the swine?
And shall I make their pleasures mine?
- 3 Am I not made for nobler things?
Made to ascend on angel's wings?
Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And grieve my God, to please my taste?
- 4 Was life design'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth, or what the meat?
Both from the dust derive their birth;
And both shall mix with common earth.
- 5 Lord, elevate my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd:
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
There to enjoy eternal rest.

CCXVIII. Chastity.

1 **T**HE Lord, how great his majesty !
 How pure are all his ways !
 Sinners unclean offend his eye,
 Nor stand before his face.

2 Thou hast ordain'd immortal woes,
 And everlasting fire,
 To be the just reward of those
 Who follow loose desire.

3 I hear, I read the dreadful doom
 Of Sodom in thy word.
 And dares a feeble worm presume
 Thus to provoke the Lord ?

4 Dear Saviour, guard me by thy grace,
 From thoughts and words unclean :
 Nor let temptation gain success,
 Or draw my soul to sin.

CCXIX. A lovely Carriage.

1 **O**, 'Tis a lovely thing to see
 A man of prudent heart ;
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
 To act a useful part.

2 When envy, strife, and wars begin,
 In little angry souls ;

Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury rise :
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence, mix'd with love ;
Good works fulfil their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;
Such pleasures he pursu'd :
His flesh and blood were all refin'd ;
His soul divinely good.

6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow,
In such a soul as mine ?
Thy grace can form my spirit so,
And make my heart like thine.

CCXX. Things of good Report.

1 **I**S it a thing of good report,
To squander life and time away ?
To cut the hours of duty short,
While toys and follies waste the day ?

2 To ask and prattle all affairs ;
And mind all business but our own ?

To

To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confusion run ?

3 Doth this become the christian name
To venture near the tempter's door ?
To fort with men of evil fame,
And yet presume to stand secure ?

4 Am I my own sufficient guard,
While I expose my soul to shame ?
Can the short joys of sin reward,
The lasting blemish of my name...

5 O may it be my lasting choice
To walk with men of grace below !
'Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,
And never-fading honours grow !

CCXXI. Courage and Honour.

1 **D**O I believe what *Jesus* saith,
And think his gospel true ?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear ;
Arm me with heav'nly zeal !
That I may make thy pow'r appear,
And works of praise fulfil.

3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,

Thine is the pow'r the praise is thine,
My Saviour, and my God.

4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace ;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

CCXXII. Holy Fortitude.

1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others *fought* to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas ?

3 Are there not foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign :
Increase my courage Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die :

They

They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

CCXXIII. Another.

1 **W**HEN tumults of unruly fear,
Rise in my heart and riot there,
What shall I do to calm my breast,
And get the vexing foe suppress.

2 What pow'r can these wild thoughts controul ?
This ruffling tempest of my soul ?
Where shall I fly in this distress,
But to the throne of glorious grace ?

3 **M**ight would seize some promise, Lord ;
Thine pow'r and safety in thy word :
Not all that earth, or hell can say,
Shall tempt, or drive my soul away.

4 I call the days of old to mind,
When I have found my God was kind :
My heav'nly friend is still the same :
Salvation to his holy name.

CCXXIV.

CCXXIV. The Universal Rule of Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine !
“ Never to deal with others worse,
“ Than we would have them deal with us.”
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind, or mem'ry pain :
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal rule of love.
- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tender'st wishes rest :
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss ?
Call in self-love to judge the cause,
Let our own fondest passions shew,
How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 4 How blest would ev'ry nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love !
All would be friends, without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

CCXXV.

CCXXV. The Attainment of Christ.

1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin !
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

2 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own :
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood,
Can bring us near thy throne.

3 The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread :
If God his sword of vengeance draw.
It strikes our spirits dead.

4 But thy illustrious sacrifice
Hath over'd these demands ;
And peace, and pardon, from the skies,
Come down by *Jesus*' hands.

5 Here all the antient types agree ;
The altar and the lamb :
And prophets, in their visions, see,
Salvation thro' his name.

6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord :
'Tis on thy cross we rest :
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

CCXXVI.

CCXXVI. Another.

- 1 **W** HERE shall the guilty conscience go
To find a sure relief ?
Can bleeding bulls or goats bestow
A balm to ease my grief ?
- 2 Will *popish* rites and *penances*
Release my soul from sin ?
What insufficient things are these,
To calm the wrath divine !
- 3 God, the great God, who rules the skies,
The gracious and the just,
Makes his own son a sacrifice,
And there lies all our trust.
- 4 O never let my thoughts renounce
The gospel of my God !
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once
In Christ's atoning blood.
- 5 Here rest my faith, and ne'er remove :
Here let repentance rise ;
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies.
- 6 With shame and sorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been :
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.

CCXXVII.

CCXXVII. Christ's Atonement improved.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou send thy son to die,
For such a guilty wretch as I ;
And shall thy mercy not impart
The Spirit to renew my heart.
- 2 Lord, hast thou wash'd my garments clean,
In *Jesus'* blood, from shame and sin ?
Shall I not strive with all my pow'r,
That sin pollute my soul no more ?
- 3 Shall I not bear my Father's rod ;
The kind correction of my God ?
When Christ, on the accursed tree,
Sustain'd a heavier curse for me !
- 4 Why should I dread my dying day,
Since Christ hath took the curse away ;
And taught me with my latest breath,
To triumph o'er thy terrors death ?
- 5 O, rather let me wish and cry,
“ When shall my soul get loose, and fly
“ To upper worlds ? When shall I see
“ The God, the man, that dy'd for me ? ”
- 6 I shall behold his glories there ;
And pay him my eternal share
Of praise, and gratitude, and love,
Among ten thousand saints above.

CCXXVIII.

CCXXVIII The Christian's Treasure. I Cor. iii. 21, 22.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come :
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.
- 2 Paul is our teacher ; while he speaks,
The shadows flee, the morning breaks.
His words, like beams of knowledge shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 3 Cephas is ours ; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celestial zeal :
While sweet Apollos' charming voice
Gives us a taste of heav'nly joys.
- 4 The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food :
Fire, earth, air, water, join their force :
All nature serves us in her course.
- 5 The sun rolls round, to make our day :
The moon directs our nightly way :
While angels hear us in their arms ;
And shield us from ten thousand harms.
- 6 O glorious portion of the saints !
Let faith suppress our sore complaints :
And tune our hearts, and tongues to sing
Our bounteous God, our sov'reign king.

CCXXIX.

CCXXIX. All Things work together for Good to the Saints.
Rom. viii. 28.

1 **M**Y soul, survey thy happiness,
 If thou art found a child of grace :
 How richly is the gospel stor'd !
 What joy the promises afford !

2 " All things are ours ;" the gift of God ;
 Secur'd by our Redeemer's blood ;
 While the good Spirit shews us how
 To use, and to enjoy them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They call me Lord to speak thy praise :
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Then sorrows work my real good.

4 I would not change my blest estate
 With all that flesh calls rich or great ;
 And while my faith can keep her hold,
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily will :
 Thou shalt divide my portion still.
 Grant me on earth, what seems thee best,
 'Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

CCXXX. The Privilege of the Living above the Dead.

1 **A** WAKE, my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below ;
In works which all the saints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.

2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,
Tho' veils and darkness lie between :
Faith shall rest firm upon his word,
And hope rejoice in things unseen.

3 Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor :
In heav'n are found no sons of need ;
There all these duties are no more.

4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul ;
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue :
Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy victories ever new.

5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there ;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

6 Let ev'ry flying hour confess,
I gain thy gospel's freest rest :
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown !

CCXXXI.

CCXXXI. Death of Saints and Sinners improved.

1 **H**AS death such vast destruction made?
Does ev'ry hour increase the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of sin,
That brought the spreading mischief in.

2 Great God ! how awful, and how just,
Thy law that turns our flesh to dust !
O let me learn how vile I am,
And live to glorify thy name !

3 When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake, my soul, adore the grace,
That gave thee a repenting space.

4 But when a saint with chearful air,
Meets his last foe, and feels no fear :
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow ;
We learn to face the tyrant too.

5 We could renounce our all things here,
And wish that moment would appear :
When we shall leave this world, and rise
To meet the joys above the skies.

CCXXXII. The Death of Kindred improved.

1 **M**UST friends and kindred drop and die ?
Must helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone.

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God ;
Our helper and our friend :
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
'Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way,
Our pious fathers led !
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief dispel :
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

CCXXXIII. Death a Blessing to the Saints.

1 **D**O flesh and nature dread to die ?
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave ?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What !

2 What ! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near ?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war ?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love ?
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above ?

4 There shall we see him face to face ;
There shall we know the great unknown :
And *Jesus* with his glorious grace
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

5 When we put off this fleshly load,
We're from a thousand mischiefs free ;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

6 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar :
Or sorrows fall, with downcast eyes ;
And sins defile our souls no more.

7 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempests cannot come :
Where saints and angels ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.

8 Blest be our dear Redeeming God,
Who drives our fears of death away !
And helps us thro' this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day.

CCXXXIV. To the sacred Three.

1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name,
Immortal praise we give;
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who bought us with his blood;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
To bring us near to God.

3 To the Almighty Spirit be,
Immortal glory given:
Whose pow'r unites our souls to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' Eternal God:
And spread his honours, and their joys,
Thro' nations far abroad.

5 Let faith and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral song to raise;
And saints in earth and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praise.

CCXXXV. To Jesus Christ.

1 **W**HO can have greater cause to sing?
Who greater cause to bless,
Than we, the children of a king?
Than we who Christ possess.

2 With

2 With angel-hosts, dear Lamb, we join,
To praise thy love and pow'r ;
To magnify thy grace divine.
Thou mighty conqueror.

3 We late were *Satan's* captives led,
And hell had been our end ;
Hadst thou not for our pardon bled,
Thou sinner's only friend.

4 For this we ne'er will hold our tongue,
Nor shall our praises cease :
We evermore will sing that song,
The Lord our righteousness.

5 No other God, we know but thee ;
None else did us create ;
Thy glory shall we ever be,
O holy Advocate.

6 'Twas thou, 'twas only thou didst take,
The mediator's place ;
When we the Father's statutes brake :
All hail, thou prince of peace.

7 We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er we look to thee ;
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name ;
Our Saviour thou shalt be.

8 Nor law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from thee divide :
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us the Saviour dy'd.

CCXXXVI. Calling to follow Jesus.

1 **C**OME my Father's family,
Ye ransom'd of the Lord:
Come ye sinners, who with me
Are ev'ry where abhorr'd.
Let us gladly trace his steps,
Who suffer'd death among the jews;
Who the friendless soul accepts,
Whom all beside refuse.

2 Jesus the despis'd and mean,
Our master let us own;
He the sacrifice for sin,
The Saviour he alone.
Let us take and bear his cross,
Despis'd disciples let us be;
Mock'd and flighted as he was
For you, my friends, and me.

3 None but Jesus will we sing,
None else will we adore;
He our prophet, priest and king,
Shall be for evermore.
None among the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor one on earth our praise may claim,
None but Jesus call we ours;
None but the bleeding Lamb.

CCXXXVII.

CCXXXVII. For Persons joined in Fellowship.

1 **L**O we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the Spirit move;
And in the way his children trod,
In those blest courts above.

2 We walk a narrow path and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak :
Yet soon we shall have rest enough
In those blest courts we seek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,
Stov'd with eternal bliss ;
We know we quickly shall be there :
In fight our city is.

4 Upon mount Sion's distant top,
A Lamb our eyes behold ;
'Tis Jesus——look, ye children, up,
He calls us to his fold.

5 Our Saviour tells us there is room
For us ; and we believe :
We come, Lord Jesus ! lo, we come,
Thy promis'd kingdom give !

**CCXXXVIII. Blessing God for
his Goodness to Soul and Body.
Psal. ciii. 1, 7.**

- 1 **B**LESS O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad :
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his son,
To die for ~~crimes~~, which ~~thou~~ hast done :
He owns the ransom and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from death, and casts
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy grows our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd ;
And often gives the sufferer's rest ;

But

But will his justice more display,
In the last great rewarding day.

(7 His pow'r he shew'd by *Moses*' hands,
And gave to *Israel* his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down,
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess:
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The *gentile* with the *Jew* shall join,
In work and worship to divine.)

CCXXXIX. The same.

1 O Bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join;
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie,
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain:
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:

He

He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

**CCXL. Praise to God ; Or,
Communion with Saints. Psal.
cvi. 1, 5.**

1 **T**O God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be address ;
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls who fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For *Jacob's* race, thy chosen seed :
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliants of thy grace.

4 O may

- 4 O may we see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with our voice !
This is our glory, Lord, to be,
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

CCXLI. Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

1 **G**OD of my mercy, and my praise,
Thy glory is my song :
Though sinners speak against thy grace,
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man,
Thy son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
Yet with his dying breath :
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine,
In vain, before our eyes ?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies !

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pow'r and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

CCXLII. The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable. Psal cxii.

- 1 **T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God, with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

CCXLIII.

CCXLIII. Liberality rewarded.

1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands;
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast,
 To all the sons of need;
 So God shall answer his request,
 With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well-establish'd mind;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honour on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

CCXLIV. God sovereign and gracious. Psal. cxiii.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' Almighty king,
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where-e'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his name repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty ;
NOR time, nor place his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,
Or angels with their God compare ?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light.
- 4 Behold his love ; he stoops to view
What saints above, and angels do ;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

CCXLV.

**CCXLV. The Lord's Day ; or
Christ's Resurrection, and our
Salvation. Psal. cxviii. v. 24,
25, 26.**

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell :
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace !
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our ruin'd race.

4 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne !

5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise !
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

CCXLVI. The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord :
'Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

[2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan* ;
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till she apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !

[5 Not the feign'd fields of *beath'nish* bliss
Could raise such pleasure in the mind :
Nor does the *Turkish paradise*
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

CCXLVII.

CCXLVII. The End of the World.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes,
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race;
The earth, and sea for ever fly,
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

CCXLVIII. The Creation of the World. Gen. i.

- 1 **N**OW let the spacious earth arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once th' obedient earth and skies,
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- [2 Dark

[2 Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
 Confus'd, and drown'd the land :
 He call'd the light ; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ;
 The clouds ascend and bear
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky
 And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
 Was gather'd by his hand ;
 The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants, (a flow'ry birth)
 The naked globe he crown'd,
 E're there was rain to bless the sward,
 Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;
 Behold the sun appears ;
 The moon and stars in order rise,
 To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
 Did vital beings frame ;
 The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
 And fish of ev'ry name.]

8 He gave the lion and the worm,
 At once their wond'rous birth ;
 And gazing beasts of various form,
 Rose from the teeming earth.

9 *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With God's own image blest.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

CCXLIX. The Divine Perfections.

1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His promises confirm the grace.

3 Thro' all his works, his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And

- 4 And will *Jehovah* condescend
To be my father, and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

CCL. The same.

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

- 3 Thro' all his antient works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curst designs:
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil

His

His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
My father and my friend :
I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join all my pow'rs
To praise the Lord.

CCLI. A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 **O**UR dearest friends depart and die,
Their absence makes us grieve ;
But to the Lord their spirits fly
This doth our minds relieve.

- 2 No more shall they to us return,
But we to them shall go :
To blissful realms, our spirits borne,
Shall dwell with Jesus too.

- 3 There glory sits on ev'ry face,
Love smiles in ev'ry eye :
There shall our tongues adore the grace,
That brought us safe on high.

- 4 Blest souls ! we leave them to enjoy
Their JESUS, and their G.O.D.

Till we are call'd to mount on high,
And reach their blest abode.

5 JESUS our faithful friend shall come,
Our souls to heav'n shall raise,
His pow'rful arm shall bear us home
To sing his endless praise.

CCLII. The Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate Things in Scripture.

FIRST PART.

1 **G**O worship at *Immanuel's* feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord,
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.

4 Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves :
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is *David's* root, and offspring too.

5 Is he a rose ? not *Sharon* yields,
Such fragancy in all her fields :
Or if the lilly he assume,
The vallies blefs the rich perfume.

6 Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine !

S E C O N D P A R T.

7 Is CHRIST a head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives :
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit, and his love.

8 Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

9 Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross :
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner he shall fit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.

10 Is he a rock ? How firm he proves :
The rock of ages never moves :
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro'.

11 Is he a way ? He leads to God ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood :

There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.

- 12 Is he a door ? I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures large and green !
A Paradise, divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.

T H I R D P A R T.

- 13 JESUS is made the corner-stone
For men to build their hopes upon ;
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r ;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glories both afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.
- 16 Is he a sun ? His beams are grace ;
His course is joy and righteousness :
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those upper skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !

There.

There he displays his pow'r abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold his face to face.

CCLIII. The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **J** OIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways,
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 The "ANGEL of the covenant" stands,
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.
- 4 Great PROPHET, let me bless thy name,
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n;
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
- 5 My bright EXAMPLE, and my GUIDE,
I would be walking near thy side;

O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.

SECOND PART.

- 6 Christ is my SHEPHERD, he shall keep,
My wand'ring soul among his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

- 7 My SURETY undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set ;
My surety paid the dreadful debt.

- 8 Jesus my great HIGH PRIEST hath dy'd;
I seek no sacrifice beside :
His blood did once-for-all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

- 9 My ADVOCATE appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by :
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

- 10 My LORD, my CONQU'ROR, and my KING,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry and I fit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

- 11 Aspire my soul to glorious deeds,
The "CAPTAIN of salvation" leads :
March

March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

- 12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for CHRIST displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

CCLIV. The same.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

- 2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly grace?
My eyes with joy
And wonder see,
What forms of love
He bears for me.

- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an ANGEL stands
And holds the promises,
And pardons in his hands:

Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

- 4 I love my SHEPHERD's voice :
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names ;
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

- 5 My ADVOCATE appears
For my defence on high ;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

S E C O N D P A R T.

- 6 Great PROPHET of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came.
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

7 Be thou my COUNSELLOR
My PATTERN and my GUIDE;
And thro' this defart land,
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way.

8 To this dear SURETY's hand,
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set;
My surety paid
The dreadful debt.

9 Jefus my great HIGH PRIEST
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty confcience feeks
No sacrifice befide.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne,

10 My dear Almighty Lord,
My CONQ'ROR and my KING,
Thy fcepter and thy fword,
Thy reigning grace I fmg.

Thine

Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit,
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

- 11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My CAPTAIN leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell
Obstru& the way.

- 12 Should all the hosts of death
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For CHRIST displays
Superior pow'r;
And guardian grace.

CCLV. The Peace of those who
love and keep God's Law.

Psal. cxix. 1, 2, 3, 6, 165.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands ;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw,
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame ;
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

CCLVI. Spiritual Knowledge desired.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due ;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide!

4 When

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again ;

5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart ;
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart ;

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief ;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief ;

CCLVII. The Word of God the Saint's Portion.

1 **L**ORD I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage ;

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The

- 4 The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest :
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

CCLVIII. Sanctified Afflictions. Ps. cxix. 67.

1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That brought my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
E'er I had felt thy scourges, Lord ;
I lost my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the South,
Or Western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

CCLIX. Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
To thee my God, I rais'd my cries !
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy favours there,
'That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 4 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro the redemption of his Son ;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

CCLX. Humility and Submission.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see :

Or

Or do I act a haughty part ?

Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,

And all my carriage mild ;

Content, my Father, with thy will,

And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,

Shall have a large reward :

Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,

And trust a faithful Lord.

**CCLXI. At the Settlement of a
Church; or, the Ordination of
a Minister. Psal. cxxxii. 5,
13---18.**

1 **W** HERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God ;
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood ?

2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill
Of *Zion* for his sacred rest ;
And *Zion* is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever faith the Lord ;

Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloath'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not *Aaron* in his costly drefs,
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her king.
- 7 (*Jesus* shall see a num'rous seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloath'd with shame.)

CCLXII. A Church established.

Pfal. cxxxii.

- 1 **N**O sleep on slumber to his eyes,
Good *David* would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies,
A dwelling for the Lord.

- 2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there

To

To *Zion* the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where-e'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

4 Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest :
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit, and thy word :
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth, his court maintain
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as the kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

CCLXIII. Brotherly Love.

Pfal. cxxxiii.

1 **L**O, what an entertaining fight,
Are brethren that agree !
Brethren, whose chearful hearts unite
In bands of piety.

2 When streams of love, from Christ the spring,
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

3 As when on *Aaron's* reverend head,
They pour'd the rich perfume ;
'Twas on his sacred *collar* † spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 'Tis pleasant, as the morning dews,
That fall on *Sion's* hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distill.

† *Collar* seems more proper than *skirts*. Thus it is translated by Ainsworth, and paraphrased by Bp. Patrick. And thus the same word is translated in our version of Job. xxx. 18. The *hebrew* word properly signifies *mouth*, and appears to denote the top of *Aaron's* garment, round his neck, on which the oil would naturally fall, when his head was so plentifully

CCLXIV. The Church is God's House and Care. Psal. cxxxv.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait ;
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good,
To praise his name is sweet employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Removes the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' ev'ry age, the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

anointed with it. But it seems very improper, and unnecessary to suppose that the oil was spread over his garment. See more. Dr. Jennings's Lectures on Jewish Antiquities. Vol. I. Page 223. Yet as the syllables are the same, any reader who pleases, may put garment for collar.

- 5 Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priest exalt his name;
Amongst his saints he ever dwells,
His church is his *Jerusalem*.

**CCLXV. God's Wonders' of
Creation, Providence and Grace.
*Psal. cxxxvi.***

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord,
His mercies still endure;
And be the king of kings adord,
His truth is ever sure.

- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone,
How wide is his command!

- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night;
His works are all divine.

- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move:
How sad the state, the world was in!
How boundless was his love.

- 5 He sent to save us from our woe;
(His goodness never fails;)

From

From death, and hell, and ev'ry foe ;
And still his grace prevails.

6 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly king ;
His mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing,
His truth is ever sure.

CCLXVI. The same. *Psal.*
CXXXVI.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light ;
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land :

Wonders

*Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

6 He saw the nations dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
*His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.*

7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave :
*Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.*

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
*His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.*

CCLXVII. The All-seeing God. *Psalms cxxxix. I, &c.*

1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd, and seen me thro' ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God, distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :

Awake

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad;
I am surrounded still with God.

- 4 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 5 Midnight and noon, in this agree,
Great God they're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 6 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 7 *O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where e'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.*

CCLXVIII. Sincerity possessed.

Psal. cxxxix. 21, &c.

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will !
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit ?

Those

Those that oppose thy laws, and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought!
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thy eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet when-e'er I stray,
And lead me in the perfect way.

CCLXIX. Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof. Psal. cxli.

A Morning or Evening P S A L M.

1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like cinnamon shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When

- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

CCLXX. Assistance and Victory
from God. Psal. cxliv. 1, 2.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield :
He sends his Spirit, with his word,
To arm me for the field.

- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

- 3 A friend, and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine
And his shall be the praise.

CCXXI. The Vanity of Man,
and Condescension of God.
Psal. cxliv. 3, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ?

His

His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts his lightning down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love!

CCLXXII. The greatness of God. Psal. cxlv. 1---7, 11, &c.

1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My king, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song,
Shall join their chearful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;

Ages

Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations found thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of antient date
Shall thro' the world be known ;
Thy arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
The saints are rul'd by love ;
And thy eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills should move.

CCLXXIII. The Goodness of God. Psal. cxlv. 7, &c.

1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness,
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait,
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thy anger moves !

Z

But

But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To chear their souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richest grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

**CCLXXIV. Mercy to Sufferers ;
or, God hearing Prayer. *Psal.*
*cxlv. 14, 17, &c.***

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel ;
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say
They fought his aid in vain.]

[7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of *Adam* raise
The honours of their God.]

CCLXXV. Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth. Psal. cxlvi.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord: My heart shall join
In work so pleasant so divine,
Now while the flesh is my abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and time, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust:

Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On *Israel's* God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd ; he feeds the poor :
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And gives the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord has eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widows and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints ; he knows them well ;
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns !
Praise him in everlasting strains.

CCLXXVI. Universal Praise to God. Psal. cxlviii.

1 **L** OUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell :
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;

Sing

Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne, his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd with his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare :
And the sweet whisper of his name,
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

clouds, and winds, and waves agree
Join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill ;
Vallies lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore ;
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains,
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme ;
Nature demands a song of you :
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings ?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains; and lofty kings !
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah ! 'tis a glorious word !
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 12 Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

CCLXXVII. A Song of Praise.

Pfal. cl. i, 2, 6.

- 1 **I**N God's own house, pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

All

3 All that have motion, life and breath;
 Proclaim your maker blest;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

H Y M N S

Proper to be sung

At the ADMINISTRATION
 OF THE

ORDINANCE of BAPTISM.

CCLXXVIII. Baptism instituted,
 with the Design, and Use of it.
 Mat. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
 The nations have receiv'd his word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills
 With grace and pardon in his hands;
 Displays his grace, his will reveals,
 To bless the distant *british* lands.

3 "Repent,

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd" he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins;
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shews us what the gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 Confirm our cov'nant with the Lord:
 O may the great Eternal T H R E E;
 In heav'n our solemn vows record.

**CCLXXIX. Believers buried
 with Christ in Baptism. Rom.
 vi. 3, 4. &c.**

1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
 That we are bury'd with the Lord;
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
 So from the grave did Christ arise
 And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again;

The

The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

**CCLXXX. Christ's Commission,
and Promise. Mat. xxviii. 18,
&c.**

1 **T**HUS spake our dear redeeming Lord,
" All pow'r in earth and heav'n
" To me, triumphant o'er the grave
" Is by my Father giv'n.

2 " Go, teach to ev'ry nation now;
" What you have learn'd of me ;
" Baptize them in the awful name
" Of the Eternal **T H R E E**.

3 " Teach them whatever I command ;
" My presence I assure,
" To crown your labours with success,
" While heav'n and earth endure."

4 Lord ! we thy wondrous grace adore,
Thy awful word revere ;
Thy death, and resurrection too,
Our baptism makes appear.

5 The promise of thy presence now,
Our joyful hopes doth raise ;
Descend O Lord, and own thy work,
And our glad tongues shall praise.

CCLXXXI. Encouragement for Penitents at the Ordinance of Baptism.

1 **C**OME lowly souls that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame ;
Wash'd in your Saviour's cleansing blood,
Now call upon his name.

2 Rejoice ye contrite hearts,
That tremble at his word ;
In the baptismal laver plung'd,
As was your humble Lord.

3 Bath'd in repenting tears,
The sins which you deplore,
Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,
And shall be seen no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he has done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd ;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

6 Ye, with your Lord are ris'n
Aspire to things above :

Mansions

Mansions for you your Lord prepares
In realms of light and love.

**CCLXXXII. The Baptism of
Christ our Pattern. Mat. iii.
13, &c. Rom. vi. 3, 4.**

1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In *Jordan's* swelling flood ;
To shew he'd one day be baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave ;
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 When lo ! from realms of light and bliss,
The heav'nly dove comes down ;
Lights on his venerable head,
Which rays of glory crown.

4 While his Eternal Father's voice
An awful joy excites ;
This is " my well-beloved Son,
" In whom my soul delights."

5 Lord, thy own precept we obey
In thy own footsteps tread,
We die, are bury'd; rise with thee
From regions of the dead.

6 We look to thee, thou Saviour dear,
Bless us with pow'r divine;
We would shew forth thy glory here,
And be for ever thine.

CCLXXXIII. The Baptism of Christians resembling that of the Israelites. 1 Cor. x. 1, 2.

1 **W**HEN from *Egyptian* slavery
The *Hebrews* were redeem'd,
The parted seas, and cov'ring cloud
A grave to Israel seem'd.

2 But soon the joyful tribes emerge,
And stand upon the shore,
With grateful hearts, and tuneful tongues,
Their Saviour's name adore.

3 Thus *Jacob's* sons, baptiz'd of old,
To *Moses*, in the sea;
Redeem'd from *Pharaoh's* cruel hand,
They safe went on their way.

4 So from the bondage of our sins,
Redeem'd by sov'reign grace;
We thro' his watry sepulchre
Our Saviour's footsteps trace.

5 Our souls, from *satan's* thraldom free,
We give ourselves to God;

New

New life from Christ, we now possess,
And walk the heav'nly road.

6 To thee, O Jesus, may we live,

Devoted to thy fear!

Thee will we love, thee will we praise,

And all thy laws revere.

HYMNS for the LORD'S SUPPER.

CCLXXXIV. The Lord's Sup-
per instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23.
&c.

1 **T** WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body broke for sin
"Receive and eat the living food;"
Then took the cup, and blest'd the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood."

[4 For us his flesh with nails was torn ;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head,
It's heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To set us free from all our guilt :
When for black crimes of largest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

6 " Do this, (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."

[7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

CCLXXXV. Communion with Christ, and with Saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

(1 **J**ESUS invites his saints,
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with the Lord.

2 For food he givee his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood :

Amazing

Amazing favour, matchless grace,
Of our descending God !]

3 This holy bread and wine,
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death:

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken-bread;
One body hath it's several limbs,
But *Jesus* is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry breath be praise.

CCLXXXVI. The New Testa- ment in the Blood of CHRIST.

1 " **T**HE promise of my Father's love
" Shall stand for ever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;

Confirm th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My soul, and life, and heart, and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

CCLXXXVII. Redeeming Grace.

1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our GOD on high;
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the SAVIOUR's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God;

Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up my soul to him,
Whose death was thy defence;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

5 There on the cursed Tree,
In dying pangs he lies;

Fulfills

Fulfills his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

CCLXXXVIII. Christ crucified the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And ev'ry labour of his hands,
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 Here his whole name appears complete ;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.)
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make eternal pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;

With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

CCLXXXIX. The Gospel Feast.

Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thy ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And ~~Gentiles~~ thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh:
But, at thy gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high-way that leads to Hell;
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come, with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

CCXC. Our Lord Jesus at His own Table.

- 1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awaits a thankful tongue:

How

How rich he spread his royal board,
And blest the food, and sung!

2 Happy the man that eat this bread,
But doubly blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith, ~~the same~~ delights we taste,
As that great fav'rite did;
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.)

4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends;
"Come, my beloved, sit, (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends."

5 "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."

6 *Hosanna* to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above,
While nobler blessings flow.

7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

CCXCI. The Sufferings of Christ viewed by Faith.

1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding prince of love ;
And each believes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought,
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

4 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

CCXCII. Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

1 **S**ITTING around our Father's board,
We raise a tuneful breath ;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

The

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

CCXCIII. The Memorial of our absent Lord, John. xvi. 16. Luk. xxii. 19.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies;
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;

Christ

Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

4 While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

(5 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.)



DOXOLOGIES.

I.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
While there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

II.

1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

III. YE

III.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

IV.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne
And all the saints in earth or heav'n.

V.

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, God of love ;
Thus we exalt the Lord the *Lamb*,
And thus we praise the heav'nly *Dove*.

The H O S A N N A.

1 **H**OSANNA to king David's son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage :

Old

Old men and babes in *Sion* sing
The growing glories of their King.

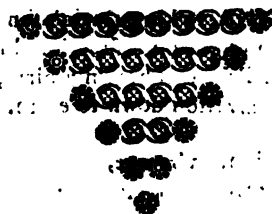
The S A M E,

1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King ;
Proclaim the Son of *David's* race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 *Hosanna* to th' Incarnate word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

F I N I S.

A M E N.





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ERRATA.

E R R A T A.

(N. B. Some of these Errors are only in a few Copies.)

PAGE 2. line 6. read waits. P. 5. l. 19. r. treasures.
P. 8. l. 24. dele make. P. 10. l. 21. dele the. P.
11. l. 21. r. conscience. P. 30. l. 9. dele your. P. 45.
l. 18. r. murd'rous. P. 48. l. 1. r. night. P. 51. l. 1.
r. privilege. P. 61. l. 21. for *his* r. *the*. P. 69. l. 26.
r. thee. P. 70. l. 4. r. than *the*. P. *ib.* l. 21. r. crea-
tures. P. 79. l. 20. for hath r. are. P. 81. l. 22. r.
adorn. P. 87. l. 3. r. eye. P. *ib.* l. 13. r. sinners. P.
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r. abounds. P. 108. l. 23. r. tender *pity*. P. 122. l.
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159. l. 14. for bed r. *be fed*. P. 161. l. 51. r. hours. P.
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